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"Another volume has proceeded from the pen of Mr. W. C. Bennett. It is entitled 'Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems.' Among these there are strains that bring Tennyson and Browning to mind, without abating our respect for the immediate author. The ballad which initiates the collection is written in stanza-couplets, and shows a power in dealing with the elements of the terrible perhaps not suspected by the author's admirers. On the Fair Rosamund he dwells but little; the vindictive feelings of the jealous Eleanor are those that have plainly fascinated the poet's genius. A dramatic poem, entitled 'A Character,' manifests the same tendency. The Creole, Lina Merion, is a Queen Eleanor on a small scale, and of a more metaphysical turn of mind; but her vengeance is equally cruel, or rather more ruin. The Queen only murders, but the Creole annihilates. The piece, however, most to our mind is 'The Boat Race.' The 'New Griselda,' which is evidently the writer's favourite, has less of pure beauty, and the conventions introduced disturb the ideal impressions. Mr. Bennett's classic imitations are as usual excellent. Theocritus writes again in such pieces as 'Pygmalion,' 'Ariadne,' and 'The Judgment of Midas.' The political pieces are vigorous, satirical, and fully justify the reputation already acquired by the author for compositions of the kind. But it is in his domestic moods that we best love to encounter Mr. Bennett. Is not the following exquisite?—Among the more ambitious efforts, we may note with especial commendation the poems entitled 'Columbus' and 'The Star of the Ballet.' The last is a ballad, in which simplicity, thought, and sentiment wrestle for the victory, and lovingly unite, as it were, in a war embrace."

London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

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NOTICE.

The CRITIC for JANUARY 1, 1859 (No. 443) will be accompanied by a PORTRAIT of

M. LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT,

With a fac-simile Autograph and Biographical Sketch. The same number will also contain a review of his celebrated pamphlet. Other Portraits will follow.

CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

TO READERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

On Saturday next (Christmas Day), the CRITIC Office will be closed, and publication will take place on the previous day. Correspondents are therefore requested to favour us with their communications for next week a day earlier than usual. We cannot be responsible for the omission of any matter, notices, advertisements, &c., which reach us later than the Thursday of Christmas week.

NOTICE.

THE CRITIC is REMOVED

TO
19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.
To which address all Communications, Advertisements, &c., should in future be sent.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO accommodate the Country trade, and to facilitate transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1858.

THE proceedings at the half-yearly meeting of the Crystal Palace shareholders are calculated to inspire the supporters of that institution with confidence in its future career. Increasing receipts and decreasing expenditure have resulted in an improved balance sheet, and one pleasant consequence of this is a dividend of half a crown per share, which, for those who have bought in at thirty shillings, is not a bad investment of money. The discussion upon the Sunday question was nothing but a repetition of the old arguments on both sides, and the vote upon the same resulted in confirming the resolution; but a ballot has been demanded, and it is believed that a very strong feeling on the subject will be manifested by the Sabbatarians. The ballot will be held on the 12th of January and the following days, when we hope that the question will be definitely set at rest.

The movement in the Society of Arts for holding another great international exhibition in 1861 has naturally attracted the attention of the Crystal Palace Company; and the Company have proposed that such exhibition, if it take place at all, shall be held in the Crystal Palace, or upon its grounds. In support of this view they urge the convenient means of transit to Sydenham, the beauty of the site, and the ample accommodation afforded; but the following replies from the officials of the Society of Arts augur that the prayer has not been graciously received.

76, Sloane-street, S.W., 14th December 1858.
SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter accompanying the resolutions passed on the 11th instant, by the Board of Directors of the Crystal Palace Company. I will submit the resolutions and your letter, which contains reasons in support of them, to the Council, at their meeting on Wednesday. It may be well to state, that I do not think that the Council can at present take the proposal into consideration. They requested me, in the opening address, to announce that the Council intended, in the first instance, to ask her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1861 if they were willing to undertake the Exhibition of 1861, in which case the Council would lend them all the assistance in their power. The Council do not expect a reply to this communication for some few weeks, as they are aware at this time of the year it is difficult to obtain a meeting of the Commissioners, so many being absent from London. Until they have received such reply they are not, in my opinion, in a position to discuss the question raised in the resolutions.—I am, &c., (Signed) C. WENTWORTH DILKE.

Thomas N. Farquhar, Esq.

Society of Arts, &c., Dec. 10, 1858.

SIR,—The resolutions passed on the 11th inst. by the Board of Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, together with your letter inclosing them to Mr. C. W. Dilke, the Chairman of the Council of the Society of Arts, have been laid before the Council, and I am directed to reply that, for the reasons stated in Mr. Dilke's letter to you of the 14th inst.,

the Council are not in a position to discuss the question raised in the resolutions.—I am, &c.,

(Signed) P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary,
Thos. N. Farquhar, Esq., Chairman of the
Board of Directors of the Crystal Palace
Company, Sydenham.

Among other items of gossip affecting the Crystal Palace it may be noted that the Directors, having failed to persuade Mr. CARLYLE to act as their referee in the matter of the Burns poem, have succeeded in securing the services of Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM. The names of the other two members of the triumvirate have not yet transpired.

LAST night a meeting was held at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the presidency of Lord CARLISLE, for the purpose of promoting the interests of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, already frequently referred to in these columns. The great object of the society is to meet the want so obvious in modern society, created by a taste for the fine arts; in fact, to give a sort of art education to the public, and to create a true sympathy between artists and those to whom they minister.

Towards this end it will be attempted to diffuse sound principles of art and criticism amongst the public by means of lectures, discussions, and classes for study, illustrated by important examples selected from the works of eminent masters of all schools. The lectures and classes will be organised by committees to be appointed for the purpose, and will comprise all the subjects that should properly enter into a high art education. The contemplated discussions upon art will take a still wider and more varied range. In order to be of practical utility and effect, it is submitted that they should not be confined to abstract questions of theory or taste, or to the art-traditions of bygone times, but should deal fearlessly with the art of the very age in which we live, and the most recent and prominent examples of it. A scheme of oral criticism will thus be inaugurated, which, whilst it induces habits of thought in those taking part in it, will necessarily exercise considerable influence upon those whose performances are the subject of discussion. Moreover, considering the public to have a direct legitimate concern in the success and renown of the arts of their own country, all questions in any way affecting the interest of those arts, and of their professors, will properly come before "The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts" for discussion. In order to give additional weight and authenticity to the declared opinions of this society as a body, on matters of living art, it is proposed to award prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials, to the producers of works in painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, music, and poetry; such prizes and testimonials to be awarded at the commencement of each session, and to be restricted in each year to works produced, exhibited, performed, or published within the twelvemonth preceding. Conversations will be held monthly during the session, to which ladies will be admitted, and to which every member will be entitled to introduce a visitor; on which occasion artists amateurs, and collectors will be invited to exhibit any remarkable works which may be in their possession. Two exhibitions of painting, sculpture, &c., will be organised by the society in the course of each year (the effect of which will be heightened occasionally by the charms of music and poetry); one to illustrate ancient, the other modern art, to be distinguished by a date of demarcation hereafter to be fixed. The exhibition of modern art will naturally include some of the most remarkable productions which have graced the exhibitions during the preceding season, and which have probably formed the subject of discussion at the meetings of the society. The liberal spirit now actuating distinguished collectors in this country, from her Majesty downwards, to extend to the public the opportunity of participating in the enjoyment of their art-treasures, recently so signally manifested at the Manchester and other Exhibitions, which have been attended by such important and gratifying results, justifies the hope that the exhibitions of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts may be well supplied with objects of the highest merit and interest. These exhibitions will be opened to the public free on two days in the week, and three days on payment; the remaining day in each week being reserved exclusively for members and their friends, when it is proposed a musical performance shall take place in connection with the exhibition. The funds derived from this source will be applied in pecuniary prizes to artists, or otherwise towards the promotion of the interests of art. A permanent exhibition of engravings, and a library of reference, illustrative of the arts of design of all ages, will be established, to which department the contributions of artists, authors, collectors, and others will be acceptable. Local committees and honorary secretaries will be appointed in all the principal towns of England, with whose co-operation meetings of the society, accompanied by an exhibition and a distribution of prizes, will take place from time to time in their several districts. Distinguished foreign artists and connoisseurs will be invited to become honorary

corresponding members of the society. In addition to the above, so soon as the circumstances of the society will permit, it is proposed (1) to establish a periodical with illustrations, entitled "The Critic," to be published monthly, containing a record of all the lectures, discussions, and other proceedings of the society, as well as other papers on the subject of art, fulfilling the purpose at once of recording the transactions of the society and the progress of the arts generally. This publication to be delivered gratis to every member, and to be sold to the public through a publisher who may make arrangements to undertake it. (2.) To resort to the valuable and beautiful art of photography for the production of fac-similes of rare and interesting paintings, engravings, sketches, and other objects, which shall be delivered (gratis) exclusively to members of the society.

The obituary of this week includes a name that will cause deep and lively regrets—that of M. CHARLES-JEAN DELILLE, for many years known as a professor of the French language, and as the author of a very admirable French grammar and other educational works. The number of influential posts held by M. DELILLE to the day of his death is of itself a sufficient testimony of his high merits; but no one who was not personally acquainted with him, and has not reaped the fruits of his wonderful skill in tuition, can form the slightest estimate of the irreparable loss that has happened by his death. M. DELILLE was French master at Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, and the City of London schools, Examiner at Eton and other public schools, in addition to which he conducted a large amount of private tuition. His Grammar, "Repertoire," "Poésie," and "Manuel Etymologique," are widely circulated among the schools of the kingdom, and will continue to perpetuate the fame of their amiable and accomplished author. To a perfect knowledge of both French and English, and a thorough acquaintance with the literature of both languages, M. DELILLE added a power of inspiring his pupils with confidence, respect, and love, such as is seldom granted to those who undertake the difficult task of instruction. At the Winter Speeches annually delivered at St. Paul's School, the loss of M. DELILLE was feelingly alluded to by the following prologue, written by Dr. KYNASTON, the head master of Dean COLET'S foundation:

PROLOGUS.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI OPTIMI, PRÆCEPTORIS DESIDERATISSIMI
C. J. DELILLE.

Est saluti: veniam lacrymantibus intus
Pro sociis, lacrymans nec minus ipse, rogo:
Tristis, inermis, inops, obiecto carcere, pubes,
Pocimur indigenæ concupisse lyra.
Pro lusu en fletus, pro Saturnalibus ipsis
Funera, pro solitis mors inopina jocis!
Defuerat nuper scenæ pars maxima nostræ,
Jam, Pater, adueto defecit ipse choro:
At tibi longævus quoties speravimus annos,
Apta parum facies quam fult ista mori!
Nos tibi causa necis; ne nobis deforet olim
Eloquium, heu, voces conticere tuæ!
Quam tibi durus eras, quam mox defessa docendo
Pectora brumali comprimis ipse genū!
At viget exundans patrio sermone loquela,
Visa tamen tacitis insonuisse locis.
Hoc æge, quisquis ades, mecum: fuge limina laeta,
Maerentes homini præstat adire domos:
I puer, et roseam capiti præcinge corollam,
Mox eris evinctus mors adoperta genas.

An English translation of these lines was also prepared by Dr. KYNASTON.

The great event to which everybody is looking forward, and about which everybody is talking, is the Burns Centenary Anniversary next month. The preparations at Glasgow are on the most extensive scale, and a large gathering of noteworthy guests is expected. It is not yet certain whether Lord BROUGHAM will preside at any of the celebrations in honour of his country's greatest bard; his Lordship is now at Cannes, and has already intimated that his arrangements will not permit him to travel so far north at this season. In spite, however, of this, strong hopes are entertained in Scotland that he will manage to be present. Lord STANHOPE has made a sort of conditional promise that he will attend the Glasgow celebration; and Mr. JERDAN, whilst pleading age and infirmities as an excuse for his absence, has written a gossiping letter to the secretary, commenting and advising upon the business.

WITH reference to the case of SCULLY v. INGRAM, we have received an intimation that it is the intention of the defendant to move for a new trial as soon as he conveniently may. Under these circumstances we feel justified in postponing any observations upon the case until all the facts are fairly before the public; and we confine ourselves therefore to the expression of a

hope that, when the new trial takes place, Mr. INGRAM will succeed in putting a better complexion upon his case than it at present wears.

THE American news gives an account of a young man calling himself EDWIN JAMES DICKENS, who has committed suicide at the American Hotel, New York, under particularly melancholy circumstances. This unhappy person represented himself to be a near relative of Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, and to have been largely and influ-

entially connected with the English and Australian press: having, according to his own account, successively fulfilled the situations of "parliamentary condenser and theatrical critic of the *Daily News*; contributor of leading literary articles and book reviews to the *Manchester Guardian*; co-editor of the *Melbourne Argus*; sole editor and manager of the *Geelong Spirit of the Age*; general contributor, both reviewer and theatrical critic, to the *John Bull*, *Britannia*, and *Press*," and yet was fain to go

over to the States and endeavour to gain a status on the American press. Here, however, he was rebuffed, and after a life of mingled hope and disappointment he perished miserably by his own hand, in the solitude of a crowded American hotel, and under circumstances which leave little room for doubting that he had come to his last cent. It should be added that there is no foundation for asserting that this unfortunate man was of kith or kin to our great and prosperous novelist.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

Memoirs of William Beckford, of Fonthill, author of "Vathek." London: C.J. Skeet.

It is but fifteen years ago since the figure of William Beckford, the author of "Vathek," mounted on horseback, and attended by two servants, was still one of the sights of the streets of Bath. A slim, quiet-looking English country gentleman, in a dress some years behind the time, green coat, buff waistcoat, breeches, and top-boots, there was perhaps little in his appearance which would arrest the attention of a stranger. But those who knew his name stood still to see him pass, with something of a superstitious feeling. For more than fifty years associations wild, magnificent, and terrible had gathered about him. His stores of learning, his gloomy, fantastic, and gorgeous romance of "Vathek," his passion for surrounding himself with treasures of art, his vast inheritance of wealth heaped up by his ancestors, the hot-blooded masters of West Indian slaves—these and numberless other ideas that strike the imagination sprang up around him as he rode. This was the man who, after many years of solitary wandering abroad, built the Babylonian towers and galleries of Fonthill—a wonderment to all England till they fell and vanished like the golden walls and battlements of sunset clouds. This was he who erected round his domain nine miles of wall twelve feet in height, and lived unseen and careless of the world, in the enjoyment of his books, his music, his paintings, his statuary, his curious works in silver and gold, his fruits and flowers; till unforeseen entanglements in his West Indian property and decrees of the Court of Chancery came upon him like the dread handwriting on the wall. Lord of Fonthill no longer, his home in Bath was still a place of wonder. The inhabitants of the city knew little of his way of life. Few persons were admitted within his house, the doors of which were guarded by the same mysterious aged dwarf who was his porter at Fonthill. The reserved collection of valuables which he had saved from Fonthill was known to be still very large; and his old passion, like that of the Caliph Vathek, for towers, had led him to erect an observatory of great height on the hill at the end of his grounds, where it was popularly believed that he indulged in the study of astrology and the black arts. Men called him the "Caliph," and told stories of his sitting down alone to "forty dishes," which were none the less effective because they were untrue; but there were darker tales—charges which, just or unjust, clung to him through life—things which were no longer breathed, yet hung about him like a poisonous taint—which helped to keep him from intrusion in that solitary life, the love of which had grown into a passion. These stories have been passed over by the editor of these volumes in silence, and we think wisely. There is little in what we know of Beckford's mind, and even of the life he lived, which can be made to lend colour to them. That he was silent concerning them—that he knew of these charges, and saw his friends drop away, and made no complaint—are, we believe, the sole evidences of what the pure-minded and charitable may still find room to doubt. The records of those things do not exist, the facts upon which they might be judged cannot be found. This much we have felt it right to say, because in the criticism which the present work has called forth these dark whisperings have been heard repeated in no very charitable spirit. For us they shall rest here.

Beckford, with his intellect clear and vigorous, and his memory altogether unimpaired, though in his eighty-fifth year, formed, like Rogers, a remarkable link between the past and the pre-

sent. George II. had held him in his arms a baby. The constant friend of his early years was the old Duchess of Queensberry, the correspondent of Swift and Pope, the kindly protector of Gay, she who wrote the famous saucy letter to the King when her protégé was slighted. Beckford was born in 1759, at Fonthill Giffard, Wilts, the property of his father. The history of the elder Beckford, the sturdy member of parliament and lord mayor, who had the daring to "answer the King," and who gave in the City entertainments which in splendour and hospitality had not been equalled since the time of Henry VIII., is familiar to all. The choleric but patriotic Lord Mayor died in 1770, leaving his son to the guardianship of his widow, who was "of the Abercorn branch of the Hamilton family." She appears to have bestowed all pains upon his education, under the guidance of Lord Lyttelton and the great Lord Chatham. The boy was taught everything which was in those days considered necessary to be known by the heir to a million of money and a revenue of one hundred thousand per annum. But the pupil soon showed an impatience of beaten tracks, and a will of his own in his studies. When a mere child he took a passion, says his biographer, for "poring over books of heraldry, of which he grew mischievously fond at that early age."

His sire's political fame did not satisfy him. He set about tracing his ancestral honours on one side or the other up to John of Gaunt. In this waste of his leisure he was still further led, full of imagination as he was by nature, from the purchase his father made of the venerable ancient castle of Eton-Bray, in Bedfordshire, once the residence of John of Gaunt. This partiality for heraldic study, useless as it was, seemed to obtain a great ascendancy in his mind, and his tutor found it necessary to check rather than applaud such a propensity. A sort of pride of family seemed to be springing up in his youthful mind, which it became most politic to repress without appearing to do so; his tutor therefore made light of the grounds on which he pretended to trace his ancestry up to such a source. It was clear that the pupil possessed a very excursive fancy, while his friends looked to his becoming an eminent public man, who would have to deal with useful facts, and not lose himself in fiction.

This passion for heraldry continued through life. At Fonthill, the biographer says:

Mr. Beckford had emblazoned the windows with the armorial bearings of his family. It has been stated how fanciful and imaginative he had been in his youth regarding John of Gaunt, some property that had once belonged to that prince having become the property of his father by purchase. His tutor had endeavoured to repress his early tendency to pride in these things. The windows of Fonthill were filled with painted glass of this character. It was a singular thing to notice in his conversation the contest between his consciousness of truth and his tendency to favour the obsolete notions of ancestral merit from such pretensions. At Fonthill the Bedfords, Latimers, Gordons, and all connected with them collaterally had their arms in the window. Nor were they inappropriate ornaments. But Mr. Beckford, in conversation with one class of persons, could speak of heraldry as of a thing of importance, knowing, as he did, that since 1609 and the cessation of the visitations, the grants of arms were of no moment. To others he would make a jest of them if he found they were spoken of as idle vanities.

But there were other twists in the young student's mind causing anxiety to his tutor and his friends. His strong imagination was captivated by the translated stories of Oriental writers, and a passion for Eastern studies took possession of his mind which his friends in vain attempted to discourage. Lord Chatham interposed his solemn authority. He obtained the youth's promise to refrain, at least for some time; and it was contrived at Fonthill to remove

Oriental works out of his sight, much to the damage of the young student's temper. This, however, only heightened his interest in the accounts of Oriental customs in books of travels; and he soon took again to "study furtively" his Oriental books, and almost clandestinely acquired a knowledge both of the Arabic and Persian, which he pursued after his majority had set him free, and of which we see the fruits in his translated story of "Al Raoui" and the renowned "Vathek." To these acquisitions he added a knowledge of French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. His romance of "Vathek" was originally written by him in French, and the tale of "Al Raoui" appeared with a German version, supposed to have been also by him. Throughout his life he continued to read extensively in these languages. Most of his books at Fonthill were enriched by curious marginalia in his writing. He would read also the popular books of the hour and write his opinions of them in pencil. His latest note of the kind, made but a few days before he died, was in a book called "Remarks on Custine's Russia," which shows at least the vivacity of his mind at nearly eighty-five. "A forced, bantering laugh," he says, "runs tittering through every page of this volume; still less supported by facts than M. de Custine's strolling assertions. Upon the whole, a very weak, flimsy reply, leaving the most important accusations against Russia unanswered and unrefuted." There is no sign of decay, no hint of eighty-five, in this. Indeed, his passion for knowledge was unbounded.

"I repent," he said to a friend, "never having studied astronomy. There is a touch of astrology in 'Vathek,' I believe; but astrology is a very obscure science, adept in it as I am still pronounced to be by many. Except what everybody knows of the stars, I know nothing. I wish I was better acquainted with some of those distant worlds. Ten years younger, and I would build an observatory on the point of Lansdown towards the Avon three hundred feet high, furnish it with instruments, and shut myself up until I was master of the science. I am too old now. I must think less of this planet."

Beckford was a humourist from a boy. Before he was seventeen he had written his history of extraordinary painters—a series of pretended memoirs of such apocryphal artists as Watersouchy of Amsterdam, Og of Basan, Sucrewasser and Sourcrount of Vienna, and Blunderbussians of Dalmatia.

The explanation he gave of the origin of this composition was, that he felt prompted to write something of the kind, by remarking the ridiculous memoirs and criticisms on certain Dutch painters of whom he had read in "Vies des Peintres Flamands." In the second place to play off a trick upon his parent's housekeeper at Fonthill. This domestic used to get her fee by showing his father's house, and giving accounts of the different painters that executed the pictures. To his great amusement, he had heard her bestow most extraordinary names upon the artists who painted them, until he wondered how such nonsense could enter her brain. Fond of satire, he thought the double exposure of the Flemish biographical-pictorial authorship, and the housekeeper's conceit and ignorance, excellent subjects for mystification. The temptation was irresistible to ridicule such an absurdity, and to gratify his humour against the critics on Dutch art at the same time. Thus blending them together, he determined the housekeeper should have in future a printed guide to help her in her descriptions, and give them an air of greater fidelity. At that early age he had an inclination for a little mischief whenever an absurdity came in his way that deserved the lash; and this tendency grew with his years. His plan succeeded. It suited his humour to listen to descriptions more strange and graphic than ever, when the housekeeper went her rounds with strangers. Before a picture of

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prosperous

Rubens she would dilate on the skill of Og of Basan, or Watersoucy of Amsterdam, having the most ludicrous effect upon the rustic sight-seers of the vicinity, who, knowing no more of art than herself, seemed to listen to her descriptions with avidity.

After this it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Beckford sent her son upon his travels in company with his tutor. He remained fixed for some time at Geneva, where he contracted a friendship with Saussure, Bonnet the naturalist, and Huber, famous for his work on bees. He also saw there a still greater celebrity:

Colonel Hamilton having a relative intimate with Voltaire, and residing near Ferney, he promised to introduce the young Englishman and his tutor. In passing through the village to the Chateau, the chapel erected and dedicated "Deo Optimo Maximo," over the entrance, led the travellers to ask who preached there. They were told that sometimes Voltaire himself officiated to the people, over whom he was lord of life and death, of which a gallows standing on the estate was proof, it being a *Seigneurie* which conferred that power. The constant official at the chapel was a Jesuit named Père Adam, of whom Voltaire humorously observed—"Quoique il fût le Père Adam, il n'était pas le premier des hommes." At the Chateau the visitors were received by Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, and she announced their arrival to Voltaire. He was then a very dark-complexioned, shrivelled, thin old man, stooping much from age, being eighty-four, though not naturally a very tall man. The chief, and indeed most striking impression made by any of his features was by his eyes, which were remarkably large and penetrating. Upon his entrance he bowed, for his address was that of a finished gentleman of the time, taking each of the party in turn, and he then said: "You see, gentlemen, 'un pauvre octogénaire,' about to quit this world;" then, making a few observations about himself, he turned to young Beckford, and spoke some words highly complimentary of his father. He next asked some general questions about England; what his visitors thought of Switzerland; and for ten minutes addressed the party, all standing, upon topics of the day. He concluded his audience with addressing the Englishmen, with some little humour, in the parliamentary mode: "My lords and gentlemen, many thanks for your visit. Pray take some refreshment, and then, if it will amuse you, look into my garden and my situation, and give me leave to retire;" which he did immediately, not apparently ill pleased at the visit. A cold collation was served up under the auspices of Madame Denis, and a walk in the poet's garden followed. It was laid out in the formal French style. The house was not large, and plainly furnished, but its situation was admirable.

Beckford returned in 1778, travelled all over England, and then started to make what was called "the grand tour." He visited all the cities of Germany and Italy famous for their treasures of art, and saw all he could. Then came his majority, and the usual rejoicings at Fonthill, of which, and his enormous fortune, he was now the uncontrolled master; but he did not remain long. In 1782 he started again for the Continent, with his old tutor—towards whom Beckford's kindness never ceased—an eminent artist, a musician, and a physician, his whole retinue filling three carriages, besides having led horses and outriders. On his return he wrote his most famous story of "Vathek," making the great hall of Fonthill give the idea of the Hall of Eblis. All the females, he said, were portraits of those in the domestic establishment at Fonthill. In 1783 he married Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne. To this lady, who bore him two daughters, it is said that he was strongly attached. The new-married pair started for Switzerland; but the bride never returned. She died at Vevey, in 1786, of a fever contracted a few days after the birth of her second child; and from that day Beckford continued to wander, sometimes in France, sometimes in Portugal, while the dust gathered thick in the rooms of Fonthill, to which he rarely paid a visit. Wonderful stories were already told of him. He was, in the world's belief, "a man of loneliness and mystery." Byron's apostrophe to Montserrat, in Portugal, where Beckford had lived, will be remembered.

There thou too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
Once found thy Paradise, as not aware,
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek Peace voluptuous laws was ever wont to shun.
Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest'd by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide—
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom how
Vain are the pleasures on earth supplied,
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

The exaggerations prevalent concerning Beckford cannot be better exemplified than by these

lines. The "fairy dwelling" was simply a barbarous Gothic imitation-house built by a carpenter from Falmouth, which Beckford merely hired for a short term. Its "halls deserted" and its "portals gaping wide" in no wise concerned one whose tenancy was ended, and whose rent we presume was paid, and could therefore yield him no "fresh lessons."

Beckford was in Paris before and during the Revolution, and saw the destruction of the Bastille. His eccentricity made him a man of note there; his wealth and wandering habits invested him with a sort of Monte Christo character; nor was the wonderment of Parisian *badouins* likely to be diminished by the wealthy Anglais occasionally volunteering to go into the den of one of the fiercest lions there, and permitting the animal, who seems to have formed an attachment to him, to lock his hands in the presence of a number of persons of the court. In the terrible days of the execution of the King he was still in Paris. Some of the pictures of the scenes of that time represent as a spectator an Englishman on horseback, who was no other than Beckford.

At length the Wiltshire folks heard the tidings that the master of Fonthill was about to return and reside there, that the old house was to be pulled down, and a wonderful palace erected in its place. The wanderer returned in 1796, and the Abbey with its famous towers was at once begun under the superintendence of Wyatt. Five hundred workmen were employed, relays sometimes working by torchlight. In 1801 Beckford took up his residence there with his large establishment, including Dr. Erhart, a physician; the Chevalier Franchi, an eminent musical performer; and the Abbé Maquin, a topographer, herald, artist, and littérateur. His retired life in this gorgeous building; his passion for buying objects of art, paintings, sculptures, vases, tazze, gems and ornaments and goldsmith work, rare books and prints, and carved cabinets; his twenty miles of artificial drive; his miles of wall, inclosing his grounds, and keeping out the hated fox-hunters—are all well-known associations of Fonthill. Here he received with great state Nelson and Lady Hamilton; but it was many a year before his gates were opened again to receive such visitors. Every one knows the story of his refusing the request of George the Fourth, when in the neighbourhood, to see the Abbey and the grounds. The most exaggerated statements were put forth regarding his way of life, which was represented as extravagant and Epicurean in the highest degree, but apparently with little justice. Persons disguised themselves as workmen to spy what was going on there—which they might do without much risk, as there were generally a hundred, and sometimes as many as five hundred, employed about the grounds. Visitors who did obtain admission had sometimes no cause to complain of the owner's want of politeness:

All the world knows (says the biographer) that Sir Richard Colt Hoare wrote a history of Wiltshire; and when he came to that part in which he wished to describe Fonthill, he was naturally desirous of giving an account of so remarkable a place; but, hearing how difficult of access Mr. Beckford was, and also having no means through any mutual friend to see the place, he was much puzzled how to accomplish his object. At last, seeing no other mode, he wrote to Mr. Beckford, requesting permission to come himself or to send a competent person to draw up the description he desired. He received a reply, "per return," in terms of great politeness, saying Sir Richard was perfectly welcome to come at that or any other time for the purpose he desired. Sir Richard, in consequence, chose a day in which he heard Mr. Beckford was to be absent in town, in order not to intrude upon his privacy. He spent some hours in taking notes upon the different parts of the Abbey and grounds. He had no idea that Mr. Beckford was at home, until, just as he was leaving, a servant requested him to step into one of the rooms he had not yet seen; and upon entering it, he saw Mr. Beckford himself, and the table laid out for a repast. Sir Richard was never more surprised in his life, when Mr. Beckford hoped he had been pleased with what he had seen, assuring him that he would ever find the Abbey open to him, when he felt inclined to pay it a visit, and then requested Sir Richard would take a seat at the table after his labours, because at that late hour it was impossible he could reach Stourhead in time for his own. Sir Richard at once complied, and spent the evening very agreeably; and on his taking his departure his host repeated the compliment he had before tendered. This story, Mr. Beckford told a friend, was substantially correct; "but he must have known I was at home. I thought it a great pity that, as the poor man had spent the whole day in going over Fonthill, he should be turned out *impransus*. Besides, as he was

an accurate describer, I thought it probable he might be inclined to give a true and particular account of what he and everybody else considered the greatest curiosity in the whole place."

"Then that was the reason you exhibited yourself?"

"Why, not exactly," said Mr. Beckford; "but when he met me his wondering gaze was extraordinary. You never saw a poor man so much astonished as when I suddenly pounced upon him. Had I been a whole Gorgon, he could not have been more petrified. I almost wished I had not been so civil to him, for he has been rather insolent to some of my forefathers in his book."

Thus lived the lord of Fonthill; but there came a change. Troubles had beset him from the first. His builders were dishonest. One day Beckford ascended one of the towers, and kicked down the rotten stone coping with his feet into the courtyard below. Nor was this the worst, though he was ignorant of the truth as yet. His great tower, 280 feet in height, had no foundations. Years after, when he had removed to Bath, he received a message that a man who was dying desired to see him. This man confessed that a burden had lain heavily on his mind. He said that he had strongly recommended that an arch should be turned under the tower, being at that time clerk of the works, for otherwise it was unsafe and must some day fall, as he had repeatedly warned the architect. The money had been paid for the purpose; but the arch was never turned. The man's warning proved true. Surrounded by all his splendours, the master of Fonthill Abbey had been living in daily danger of this catastrophe. The great tower at last fell into the marble court, a complete ruin. But Beckford was now no longer its master. Harassing lawsuits, adverse decrees in Chancery concerning his large West Indian properties, came upon him unexpectedly, and destroyed the greater part of his large fortune. Fonthill, with some of its wondrous contents, was sold to a City trader for 370,000*l.*, and Beckford retired to Bath, where he died on the 2nd of May 1844.

Beckford's taste for art has been disparaged, but not by those whose authority is of value. In like manner the originality of "Vathek" has been disputed, but on no good ground. His burlesque novels of "Amesia" and the "Elegant Enthusiast" contain much clever satire on the public characters of the day. He ridiculed his old child companion, Mr. Pitt, unsparringly; and it is a fact at least singular that no man did this in those days without becoming by some means stamped as a villain of the blackest hue. But he was at least impartial—hating Charles James Fox with a still more hearty bitterness. In a copy of Walpole's "Life of Fox" he had written notes, among others observing how that great statesman "prepared himself for the famous debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, by passing the whole night at the gaming table." Beckford sat twice in Parliament for Hindon; but he had no taste for that political life which was his father's glory and delight. He was a proud man, and at least independent, and there was no demand for such men in the parliaments of those days. "I would rather," he said, "live in hermit solitude than in the turmoil of faction and political intrigue." But he was not wanting in activity. He was always an early riser, and ate and drank with great moderation, report to the contrary notwithstanding. He said to a friend: "I love building, planting, gardening, whatever will keep me employed in the open air." He was eccentric; but his eccentricity had sometimes "method in it," as will be seen from the following extract from a conversation with him, relating to the Duchess of Gordon:

"I once shut myself up at Fonthill to be out of the way of a lady—an ungallant thing to any lady on earth but her with whom it occurred. You must well remember the late Duchess of Gordon, as she was the continual talk of the town for her curious mercenary ways, and mode of entrapping men with her brood of daughters. I could have served no other lady so, I hope—I never enjoyed a joke so much. At that time everybody talked of Mr. Beckford's enormous wealth—everything about me was exaggerated proportionately. I was in consequence a capital bait for the Duchess—so she thought; I thought very differently. She had been told that even a dog kennel at Fonthill was a palace—my house a Potosi. What more upon earth could be desired by a managing mother for a daughter? I might have been aged and impotent—no matter, such is fashion's philosophy. I got a hint from town of her intention to surprise me with her hard face at Fonthill—a sight I could gladly dispense with. I resolved to give her a useful lesson. Fonthill was put in order for her reception, with everything I could devise to receive her magnificently—

not only to receive her, but to turn the tables upon her for the presumption she had that I was to become the plaything of her purposes."

"The splendour of her reception must have stimulated her in her object."

"I designed it should operate in that manner. I knew her aim—she little thought so. My arrangements being made, I ordered my 'mayor-domo' to say, on the Duchess's arrival, that it was unfortunate—everything being arranged for her Grace's reception, Mr. Beckford had shut himself up on a sudden, a way he had at times, and that it was more than his place was worth to disturb him, as his master only appeared when he pleased, forbidding interruption even if the King came to Fonthill. I had just received a large lot of books—nothing could be more opportune. I had them removed to the rooms of which I had taken possession. The Duchess conducted herself with wonderful equanimity, and seemed much surprised and gratified at what she saw, and the mode of her reception—just as I desired she should be, quite on tiptoe to have me for a son-in-law. When she got up in the morning, her first question was, 'Do you think Mr. Beckford will be visible to-day?'"

"I cannot inform your Grace—Mr. Beckford's movements are so very uncertain—it is possible. Would your Grace take an airing in the park—a walk in the gardens?"

"Everything which Fonthill could supply was made the most of, whetting her appetite to her purpose still more. My master of the ceremonies to the Duchess did not know what to make of his master, the Duchess, or his own position. 'Perhaps Mr. Beckford will be visible to-morrow?' was the Duchess's daily consolation. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, came and went—no Mr. Beckford. I read on, determined not to see her. Was it not serving a woman of such a coarse nature quite right?"

"She remained seven or eight days, magnificently entertained, and then went away without seeing him. She was very angry, and said of him in her rage things too scandalous to have escaped any woman's lips but her own. 'Think of such a woman's vengeance—such a woman as the Duchess was, who never suffered anything to stand in the way of her objects!'"

Beckford was certainly not without good traits. His grief at the loss of his wife, his unceasing kindness to Lettice, his old tutor, whom he placed with his family in a comfortable house at Fonthill, and his consideration for his servants, are points beyond dispute. He boasted of his trust in his domestics, who had most of them been with him many years. Some had been born from domestics of his father, and he had had three generations of one or two in his establishment. When his aged mother died he was busily engaged in superintending his buildings at Fonthill; but he suddenly abandoned them, and went abroad again for awhile, according to his old habit when in affliction. His temper had perhaps some trace of his West Indian origin—something to remind one of his fiery ancestor, Peter Beckford, the Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, who fought and struggled with his riotous Assembly. But self-will is apt to manifest itself in men who are bred up from childhood in the prospect of a fortune of a million of money and a revenue of one hundred thousand per annum. The reader will not have forgotten his "Prayer," composed at Fonthill, beginning with the fine lines:

Like the low murmur of the secret stream
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard. Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away!

These *Memoirs* would have been better in one volume than in two. To eke them out, the anonymous writer (are we wrong in guessing him to be Mr. Cyrus Redding?) has thrown in long extracts from Beckford's writings, and abridgments of his travels, which are tedious and out of proportion, and serve to weaken our impression of the man. The haste with which the work has been prepared is visible in the execrable French with which the writer favours us at pp. 247-248 of vol. i., pp. 65, 99, &c., of vol. ii. We are, however, not sorry that these *Memoirs* have been published. They will do at least some justice to the memory of a man who we suspect has been calumniated.

THE ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

Heraldry in History, Poetry, and Romance. By ELLEN J. MILLINGTON. London: Chapman and Hall.

ONE sad effect of the Reformation has been the decline of symbolism. Miss Millington, who is fierce against Puritanism, and who calls Cromwell a tyrant, ascribes to Puritanism alone what was undoubtedly the result of a far wider influence. Boldly, unapologetically iconoclastic—and necessarily so for the work it had to perform—the Reformation, after its simply negative

achievements, substituted creed for ceremonial, though the natural instincts and the normal condition of mankind demand ceremonial more than creed. The grand mistake of Protestantism has been the belief that the rigidly dogmatic can dispense with the richly and radiantly symbolical. It is a grievous error; but in condemning it we must not overlook the essential and glorious characteristics of Protestantism, as the authoress, from passionate partisanship, seems disposed to do. If, however, she had not been such a passionate partisan of the Agnes Strickland school, her book would probably have been less instructive and interesting. It was well for the world that Walter Scott was a Tory; and it is well for the poetic revival of the past that many persons—Miss Millington included—should enormously overrate the past. It is a better extreme than the contempt for the past which was once so fashionable. The blunder which the extravagant admirers of the past make is in supposing that they can bring the past back again. Heraldry was a beautiful, suggestive, and ennobling portion of mediæval symbolism; but it would be as impossible to restore heraldry to its ancient empire as to summon from the dead the whole mediæval existence. Symbolism cannot perish, yet age after age it must clothe itself with fresh forms. And out of the very hostility of Protestantism to the symbolical will the most stupendous triumphs of the symbolical yet come. Those triumphs in truth have already begun. For some time it has been felt that the purely dogmatic, except as a weapon of warfare, is barren and cold. There is a strong yearning, which has not yet arrived at distinct utterance, for something warmer, more expansive, more fruitful. Till the yearning has more articulate speech and more creative force, we cannot expect the history of heraldry to be written either with poetical splendour or with critical depth. The symbolism of the past will mingle so confusedly with the symbolism of the future, that dilettanteism and prejudice will seize on both, and falsely picture and foolishly interpret both. From dilettanteism Miss Millington's book is quite free; of puerile prejudice it manifests rather more than enough. Miss Millington seems to have a thorough knowledge, as she unquestionably has a thorough love, of her subject. But though the volume is an exceedingly pleasant volume, with here and there gleams of pictorial vivacity, the critical element is altogether wanting; and by criticism we mean exalted, sound, and measured judgment—not pedantic captiousness. It would not be worth while taking notice of Miss Millington's eccentricities, both of opinion and of statement, if the school to which she belongs had not such pernicious sway over the rising mind of England. The work through which the children of England first form an acquaintance with the growth and achievements of their country is chiefly Mrs. Markham's history, said on competent authority to be painfully defective in style, and to swarm with inaccuracies that set the historical discoveries of the last fifty years at defiance. Now, it may be pleasanter to read Goldsmith's History of Rome than Niebuhr's; but it is impossible henceforth honestly to read the history of Rome without reference to Niebuhr. Here Niebuhr typifies the whole historical field, into which no one should enter to cultivate, to reap, or to glean, who is not determined by valiant and conscientious striving to seek and to find the cardinal and everlasting verities.

For instance, after the recent researches on the reign of Charles the First and the Commonwealth, is it not inexcusable to speak of Cromwell as a tyrant? To set up Cromwell for apotheosis as Carlyle has done is absurd; but to deny Cromwell's great qualities and the sincerity both of his piety and his patriotism is infinitely worse than absurd. If it would be ungenerous to question that Charles was more unfortunate than guilty and had many kingly gifts, it would be unjust to dispute Cromwell's claim to a high place among those who have faithfully served their God and their native land.

Miss Millington alludes to Francis the First as the chivalrous. She has taken no pains to ascertain whether he deserves to be so characterised. There is scarcely an impartial and intelligent Frenchman who would not confess that Francis, with a few gallant traits, was rash, vain, vulgar, superstitious, cruel, disgustingly sensual—of all which there is ample assurance in the portraits of his swinish face.

Saint George is introduced to us by Miss Millington as a chivalric martyr. To Saint George

as a mythological personage we have no objection to offer. One mythological saint is just as good as another, and Saint George's name has rather a stirring sound. But as a historical personage Saint George comes extremely becufted and bedraggled from historical investigation, his renown as warrior and as martyr both alike stripped from him. It has been conjectured—and hitherto no weighty argument has assailed the conjecture—that Saint George, the favourite of the Crusaders, the patron of England, the honoured of Russia and Genoa, of various lands and of various orders, must be traced to the infamous and persecuting patriarch of Alexandria, whom the populace of that turbulent city murdered. Admitting that Athanasius and the friends and admirers of Athanasius have exaggerated and misrepresented, the patriarch George seems in the main to have deserved his evil reputation.

In her zeal for symbolism Miss Millington becomes tiresome through being didactic, and misses the genial through straining at the ingenious. Herein how unlike she is to that greatest of all symbolists, Creuzer, who never moralises, and who, never aiming at ingenuity, is always genial in the most fruitful and catholic sense! She would, for example, fain have us believe that there was a spiritual as well as a material contrast between the horse and the ass in Scripture, the one typifying pride, the other humility. The horse was forbidden by Moses because he did not want the Hebrews to be a conquering people; but, even if he had not been forbidden, the horse was little suited to a mountainous country. From the time of David, however, both horses and mules became common. But neither the material nor the spiritual contrast between the horse and the ass could exist, forasmuch as, according to universal testimony, the ass has in the East a size, a beauty, a courage, and a swiftness which would make the contrast absurd. When Christ rode into Jerusalem on an ass, or on a colt the foal of an ass, lowliness was symbolised; but much more than lowliness—peace. The horse bore the soldier to battle; the ass was chiefly devoted to agricultural purposes, and was the emblem of the Gospel's fertility as well as of its tranquil march.

In saying that Albert of Brandenburg disgraced the office of Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, is Miss Millington quite sure that she attaches any very definite meaning to the words, or that she has taken the slightest trouble to ascertain the state of Germany at the time of the Reformation? Albert may have been greedy; he may not have been the wisest of politicians, the greatest of warriors, or the noblest of men; but, if he helped to create Prussian independence and to promote a stupendous and salutary religious revolution, we can pardon him for sweeping aside a thing which had degenerated into a nuisance and an obstruction. The race of Brandenburg has always been selfish, and it has often had to pay dear for its selfishness. Will Miss Millington, however, obligingly inform us of what exact value to the world the Teutonic Order was at the time when Albert of Brandenburg smote it down?

Our authoress, ensnared and bewildered by pomp and show, and little capable of piercing beneath the surface, is inclined to conclude that ceremonies and vows and consecrations must have encouraged and enabled the knights of the various orders to lead a holy and blameless life. What ever life they ought to have led, a holy and blameless life they certainly did not lead. Nor can we be astonished thereat. Solemn rites, unlearned by any deep moral thought, stimulate passions instead of calming and purifying them. Now all through the Middle Ages there was no deep moral thought. If the virtues were colossal, the vices were more colossal still. From the time of the Crusades every lawless lust reigned. The heroism was not of the highest kind: it was not animated by the highest motives. By alms-giving, by a gift of lands to the Church, or by a death-bed repentance, it was supposed that every abomination, every iniquity, could be atoned for. The Middle Ages so obscured and deadened the moral sense, that long centuries must yet elapse before it can recover its healthy vigour. Extremely picturesque the Middle Ages are, and we detest the mode in which the Rationalists deal with them. But it would be lying against the clearest witnessing of history to deny that they sacrificed elevation of moral principle, and strictness of moral practice, to splendour of religious decora-

tion. Wherefrom it is not to be deduced that religious decoration is in itself objectionable, but that it becomes an infinitely subordinate affair till the moral regeneration of the community, and of every individual in the community, is accomplished. The corruption of military and religious orders, and of ecclesiastical institutions, went beyond the grievous corruption of society in general. Hence, not from the blow of the enemy, but from internal decay, did those orders and those institutions perish. The innocence which cannot defend itself is seldom worth defending, and the organisation which cannot sustain itself is seldom worth sustaining. And there is a lesson here for our own times. Men in the mass are never impatient innovators. They are by temper and by habit conservative. They will bear with the old as long as the old has any respectable semblance of vitality. But if an organisation refuses to adapt itself to profound and prevailing needs, and tries to prove that its defects are excellences, who can save it from overthrow?

Unable to distinguish between an excessive formalism and a true and living devotion, Miss Millington thinks that it would be well if in every public and private act and circumstance there was the same precise and pompous recognition of God as among our ancestors. This is a dangerous error, when the disease of the world still is that hollow pharisaism against which Christ and all his faithful followers have protested. We have frequently lamented that religion, national and catholic, and robed with eloquent symbols, did not encounter us at every point of our existence. But to break down our piety into an innumerable multitude of small specific rites is to wander far away from God's Holy Spirit, and to fossilise that symbolism which Miss Millington's book is professedly intended to impress and illustrate.

It is a striking and somewhat ludicrous proof how much Miss Millington is the slave of formalism, that she should find subject for boundless whining in the fact that the Sultan has been made a Knight of the Garter. According to Miss Millington the Garter has a Christian character, that can never be forfeited, and implies Christian obligations of the most stringent kind, and Christian privileges that are precious alike and inalienable. Is not this purely and preposterously childish? It is right to confer the Garter on a successful Catiline in France; but it is not right to honour similarly a generous though perhaps effeminate prince in Turkey! The Sultan is a hateful Mahometan; but Louis Napoleon is a Christian, a very good Christian indeed!

With faults which we have had no pleasure in pointing out, and with others, perhaps still more serious, which we refrain from pointing out, Miss Millington's book deserves attention from its earnest character and pious purpose. That attention it is sure to receive. It is not the best exposition and portraiture of heraldry that we could imagine; but it is a valiant and successful vindication of heraldry. Apart from its relations to the symbolical, the poetical, and the religious, Miss Millington is right in maintaining that without an acquaintance with heraldry modern history must often be unintelligible. A knowledge thereof should be regarded as an indispensable branch of a finished education. There are many things taught incomparably less important and attractive. The study is not in itself dry or repulsive. Indeed, few studies can be so lavishly arrayed in glowing colours and suggestive beauty. Its nomenclature and technicalities are arid; but these are not its significance, its soul. They are at most only its grammar, and grammar has never been found extremely exhilarating. Miss Millington gives us, perhaps, too much of the grammar; probably from being more intimate with heraldry, as such, than with history, poetry, and romance—of the bearings of heraldry on which her book discourses. The great difference between the symbols in the Greek religion and the heraldical symbols is that the former were created, and therefore were at once felt and appreciated, by the genius of the people. The latter were far less spontaneous. They were learned, elaborate, and artificial; they were the product, and they were entrusted to the guardianship, of a special class. Not merely were they tinged, they were transfigured and transfigured, by the scholastic element. Only such symbolism can the people be expected to sympathise with as emanates from their own prolific bosom and prolific phantasy. What

severs us from mediævalism, what forces us to refuse it the sustained and systematic thought which its robust features justly claim, is not its barbarity alone; it is its pedantic crust of cumbrous erudition. What at any time a strong nation has done, or the instincts of a strong nation have built up, will, however remote from the present, always find willing students. But society is not a college of heralds with scholastic habitudes and inspirations, and will therefore, not without some apparent reason, pronounce a college of heralds to be a bore. To be sure, if, as Miss Millington offensively enough assures us, Christ was vain of his royal descent, heraldry, as so closely interwoven with the pride of birth, becomes a Christian science, imperatively implying a Christian duty. But humble and devout Christians in general will scarcely think this a wise or reverent way of recommending to others a favourite pursuit of our own, any more than good Englishmen, who are neither Puritans nor Anglo-Catholics, will love Charles the First better from your always calling him Charles the Martyr. They who, like Miss Millington, would again teach the nobleness of heraldry to mankind, should frankly and bravely face the inherent and insurmountable difficulties to the popularity of the subject. These are not, as she concludes, to be mainly sought in the degeneracy of the times, though degeneracy there may be, but in two facts already indicated—first, in the scholastic, almost monastic, character of heraldry; and, secondly, in the limited numbers which, even in its most flourishing days, heraldry brought within the range of its influence, leaving to ages more catholic the task of creating a more catholic symbolism.

ATTICUS.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE.

The Scouring of the White Horse; or, the Long Vacation Ramble of a London Clerk. By the Author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1859.

The signal success of "Tom Brown's School Days" was a phenomenon as unique as it was gratifying. It was a proof that truth and nature have still a charm for a large section of the cultivated public, and that a "hit" in authorship can still be made without the display of that enormous exaggeration and undue emphasis which characterise so much of what is triumphant in our contemporary literature. Mr. Hughes is often classed with Mr. Kingsley as an apostle of "muscular Christianity," for so the spiritualisation of athletic manliness has been wittily termed. But though there may be certain affinities between the two writers, yet in matter and manner they differ not less than does Mr. Thackeray from Mr. Dickens. Mr. Hughes is the Thackeray of the new dumvirate—infinately calmer and more judicious than his ardent composer. He produces his effects by much quieter means, and is altogether more wholesome and natural than the Admirable Crichton of the English Church in 1858. If the subject of "Tom Brown's School Days" had fallen into the hands of Mr. Kingsley, we should have been presented with a series of portraits of Rugbians, most striking, but most exaggerated. There would have been a boy-monster, sunk in vice, and a subscriber to the *Reasoner*, acting as a foil to a boy-hero, a pet pupil of Dr. Arnold's, the embodiment at fifteen of every virtue in universal history. It was the charm of Tom Brown himself that he was an average English schoolboy, neither saint nor sinner, neither callous nor sensitive, neither genius nor fool. Whether his worshippers might like it or not, the influence of Dr. Arnold on such a boy in so numerous a school was represented as intermittent, though powerful, no doubt, when rarely and occasionally exerted. Rugbians recognised that the picture was a correct representation of a reality which they knew; and the general public, drawing its own inferences the while, saw that the description was true to nature. Had Mr. Kingsley to fashion forth the hero of the pleasant little volume now before us, a Cockney law-clerk, fed upon the platitudes of Radical debating society, and for the first time introduced to the beauties of rural nature and the hearty simplicities of agricultural life, we know from that melancholy caricature and scarecrow, "Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet," what the Rector of Eversley would make of him.

The Scouring of the White Horse has been so long announced, and the second work of the author of "Tom Brown's School Days" has

been so eagerly looked for, that many of our readers must have speculated on the title, and perhaps vainly endeavoured to guess at the nature of the contents. Fantastic as it sounds, *The Scouring of the White Horse* is at once an old and an extant reality. The Vale of the White Horse, well known to Berkshire men, is called after the figure of a horse, cut in the turf on the north-west face of the range of chalk downs which cross the county, at a part where the declivity is at once lofty and steep. It is a rude figure about 374 feet in length. When the afternoon sun shines on it, it may be seen for many miles. Tradition indicates it as a memorial of the Battle of Ashdown, supposed to have been fought in the immediate vicinity (A.D. 871), and in which the Saxon King Æthelred, and his brother, the Alfred the Great of our English story, are said to have defeated the Pagan Danes, mustering in great numbers. It was what Cromwell called a "crowning mercy;" and in memory of it (tradition says on the day after the battle) Alfred is supposed to have made his army carve the White Horse, the standard of Hengist, on the hill-side, where it may be seen to this day. From time immemorial it has been a fitful custom with the inhabitants of the district to make holiday and "scour the White Horse," by clearing away the turf where it has encroached on the antique outline of the steed. On such occasions, rustic sports blend with the hurly-burly of an ordinary country fair. There was a celebration of the kind in the September of 1857, and Mr. Hughes was called on by his fellow-countymen to be the laureate of the festival. This cheerful and genial, yet instructive and serious, Christmas book, resplendent in blue and gold, and capably illustrated by our old friend Richard Doyle, is the result. There is a love story for the young ladies, but told so naively and gracefully, as to merit a wider audience. There is historical and legendary matter for the studious. There are descriptions of wrestling matches and back-sword's play for the lovers of the muscular, whether pagans or Christians; and for the latter especially there is a real sermon on rural sports. In these days of controversies on the holding of harvest homes *The Scouring of the White Horse* has much to suggest to the social philosopher. Above all, there are pictures of English rural life, scenery, and character, seen with unaffected delight through Cockney spectacles, which may be pitted against anything of the kind in our literature. The manner of the imaginary narrator of "the Scouring of the White Horse" has been compared by critics to that of Mr. Samuel Titmarsh in the "Great Hoggarty Diamond." Mr. Hughes may be to Mr. Kingsley what Mr. Thackeray is to Mr. Dickens. But in some important respects the parallel and contrast do not hold. The author of "Tom Brown's School Days" is more of an idyllist than a satirist; his humour is pure, gentle, and ethereal. He has nothing of the savage though low-toned irony of the arch-mocker of "Vanity Fair."

The London clerk hails from an attorney's office in our great metropolis, and, when he is at home, from the neighbourhood of Lamb's-Conduit-street. He has learned short-hand, which accounts for the skill in reporting attested by his narrative, and which swells the sum available for his expenses during his Long Vacation holiday. Where shall he go? His brother clerks, Bradshaw in hand, advise Wales or the Lakes; but he is decided in his choice by a letter from an old farmer friend in Berkshire, inviting him to the "Scouring of the White Horse," and offering a longer hospitality. The directors of the South-Western Railway might do worse than reprint the hero's account of his unaffected ecstasies on their line, as he whirls past "all the corn fields, though by this time most of them were only stubble, and Reading town, and the great lasher at Pangbourn, where the water was rushing and dancing through in the sunlight to welcome me into Berkshire, and the great stretches of open land about Wallingford-road and Didcot." Much of the charm of the book lies in the art (not an easy one) with which the simple yet shrewd Cockney is made to describe the impressions produced on him by Berkshire scenery, the pleasant English farmhouse, the squire, who does not all accord with his preconceived notions of a "bloated aristocrat," and the kind-hearted though irascible old antiquary, who, on the spot itself, tells him, for our instruction, the story of the battle of Ashdown. The farmer

friend whom he visits, blunt and downright, but not at all a fool, is excellently described. With "Miss Lucy," his host's pretty sister, of course the London clerk falls in love, and we are left to imagine that a wedding crowns the visit, in spite of the young clergyman and the young farmers, of whom the Cockney hero is occasionally jealous.

All books written by clever men nowadays must have a "sociological" aim; and in composing his entertaining little work Mr. Hughes is not in this respect behind his neighbours. The chief lessons which he seems to mean to inculcate are two—one addressed to a section of the town population, the other to a section of the rural. Much of the jealousy between town and country might vanish, Mr. Hughes appears to intimate, if the urban declaimers against a "bloated aristocracy" would visit such a farmhouse as worthy Joseph Hurst's, converse with just such an antiquary as he of the White Horse Hill, and fall in with just such affable and hospitable squires as figure here. No doubt; but it is not every railway excursionist who can have our hero's opportunities. Nor is a converse lesson unrequired. Political events and general prosperity have lessened the old animosity between town and country. Yet it still survives; and perhaps the country gentleman despises the manufacturer, more than the manufacturer dislikes the country gentleman. The squire has something more to learn from the city than he generally finds during a sojourn in his town house, diversified by visits to his clubs. There is still room for many a fiction to develop further the admirable philosophy of reconciliation which Mrs. Gaskell has attempted to expound in her "North and South."

The other lesson, much more directly and emphatically taught in *The Scouring of the White Horse*, is meant for the country gentleman and the country clergyman. It is one quite characteristic of so distinguished an apostle of "muscular Christianity," and is enforced with much earnestness and sincerity in many passages of the book, longer and shorter. Mr. Hughes loves what is manly, healthful, and legitimately exciting in rustic sports—in wrestling, single-stick, and the rest. He sees with sorrow that in them emulation often begets bad blood, that courage frequently degenerates into ferocity, and the festival closes in drunkenness and debauchery. He would have the rural festival dignified by the presence of the gentry; and his imaginary clergyman goes the length of recommending that persons of his own cloth should act as umpires, at once repressing evil passions and seeing fair play done. The question is one replete with difficulties, nor should we wish to pronounce on it *ex cathedra*. It is one of real and true social importance, in spite of the ridicule heaped on the Young Englanders, and which perhaps their own extravagance of language justly provoked. Both sides of the controversy will be found fully and fairly represented in *The Scouring of the White Horse*. The difficulties of intervention on the part of the higher classes are well brought out in the graphic descriptions of the rural sports at the great festival. The need for interference is eloquently insisted on in the sermon of the model clergyman who excites a causeless and temporary jealousy in the breast of the London clerk.

Our solitary extract shall be a Berkshire song, one of many capital ditties, for the most part original, supposed to be sung in the large booth on the evening of the Scouring. It is put into the mouth of "a brawny young carter," and is entitled

CUPID'S GARDEN.

As I wur in Cu-bit's garden,
Not mwear nor haf an hour,
T'wur ther I zeed two may-dens,
Zittin under Cu-bit's bower,
A-gatherin of sweet jassa-mine,
The lilly and the rose.
Those be the fairest flowers
As in the garden grows.

I vondly stepped to one o' them,
These words to her I zays,
"Be you eny-ged to arry young man?
Come tell to me I praye."
"I beant eny-ged to narra young man,
I solemly declare,
I alms to live a may-den,
And still the laurel wear."

Zays I, "My stars and gar-ters!
This here's a pretty go,
Vor a vine young mayd as never wos
To sac' all mankind zo."
But the t'other young may-den looked sly at me,
And vrom her seat she risn,
Zays she, "Let thee and I go our own way,
And we'll let she go shis'n."

Genial in its jest and in its earnest, *The Scouring of the White Horse* will be welcome to all that world-wide family of Browns who have already been won over by its author.

PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY.

Peasant Life in Germany. By Miss ANNA C. JOHNSON. New York: Charles Scribner. London: S. Low, Son, and Co.

The great intellectual merit of the Americans is acuteness, their great failing conceit. These are *par excellence* the good and evil genii of the traveller; what the former gives him, the latter perverts or takes away. Perhaps Miss Johnson has less reason than most to deplore her very manifest superabundance of the national foible; for had it been otherwise, we scarcely see how her volume could have beheld the light at all. A young lady who sets off alone to Germany, expressly to write a book about the Germans, entirely ignorant of a language which even after her return she is clearly incapable of speaking or spelling correctly, certainly cannot be censured for want of self-sufficiency. A larger share of the maidenly grace of diffidence would have kept her, if not at home, at least from publication—or, at all events, have deterred her from pronouncing in so very pragmatism and dogmatical a tone *de omni scibili*. Yet this only shows that diffidence is not an unmixed good. It is better that Miss Johnson should make herself a little ridiculous, than that the world should lose a really valuable as well as very entertaining book of travels. It seldom happens that a man's defects actually over-balance his good qualities; and to the traveller especially the power of observation is so essential, that the ordinary tourist *plus* remarkable acuteness of perception, and *minus* the most glimmering conception of modesty or self-distrust, is still something more than a mere average writer of his class. It should also be said that Miss Johnson's conceit is not of the offensive or supercilious order. Despite phrenology, the organs of self-esteem and benevolence seem to lie very close together in her head—you cannot touch one without simultaneously exciting the other. She does not admire her own country and its institutions more cordially than she pities the poor benighted European, victim of intolerable prejudice and slave of crowned oppressors. She is, moreover, frank and simple-minded, and narrates her own misadventures with unaffected good humour—how, for example, having laboured to impress the ancillary mind with the conception that she wanted *grapes*, she was horrified to behold that faithful abigail return (*tempore* 10 a.m.) with two gloriously-hot tumblers of gin-punch. It is not her enthusiasm for her own country that we blame—this is to a considerable extent as just as amiable; we only lament that she should be unable to see anything else, good or bad, without testing it by an American standard. This is foolish and narrow-minded. It must be owned that she does not make herself the blind apologist of her native land, and that, when twitted with the atrocities of the South, she replies in the only proper way by opposing to these the quiet, the intelligence, the civilisation, of her own happy New England.

Not a little of Miss Johnson's habitual censure of Europeans may be simply and naturally accounted for by the circumstance that Europeans appear to have taken the liberty to censure her. Her residence in Germany must have involved a running fire of crimination and recrimination ever after she had attained a moderate use of her tongue in the native idiom. When two people speak ill of each other, the impartial listener usually credits both; we, therefore, believe, on Miss Johnson's authority, that the domestic arrangements of the Germans are, to use a mild term, imperfect; and, with her antagonists, that their visitor is an utter pre-Raphaelite, or rather pre-anythingite, in all appertaining to the fine arts. In fact, it would be difficult to avoid some such conclusion, seeing that she herself distinctly gives it as her opinion that the pleasure resulting from the contemplation of pictures and statues is but a relic of barbarism; meaning to insinuate, we suppose, that the covering of canvass with colours is but a sort of vicarious tattooing. We shall not try to ascertain whether insensibility to comfort or to taste be the more enormous offence, but simply express a wish that each party may learn to amend the objectionable point. As regards our German cousins we have good hopes;

and could hardly suggest a better remedy than the continual incursions of restless, prying, meddling and intrusively benevolent tourists, justly scandalised at the heaps of sawdust thrust away into the corners of the drawing room, and speaking their minds thereupon without restraint. But to convince a utilitarian mind of the use of ornament is no easy matter. We might probably best succeed by admonishing Miss Johnson that the mental refinement, for wanting which she incurred so much Teutonic sarcasm, by no means consists in the admiration of works of art. This is at best a sign; the essential reality is far different. We can, perhaps, hardly indicate this better than by referring to that fundamental difference between the German and Anglo-Saxon conceptions of education which has set its mark on the languages of both races. We speak of *education*, or *drawing out*, meaning that something is to be got out of a boy; his peculiar aptitude for preaching, book-keeping, law, surgery, or whatever else it may be, is to be encouraged and made the most of; but few seem to conceive of his nature as a whole—a microcosm to be equally and harmoniously developed. But the German's conception of education is expressed by his word for it—*Bildung*—formation. The consequence is, that while our men of business are too often nothing else, and our professional men mere lawyers or divines, the German is a cultivated gentleman, to whom none but the most abstruse branches of human knowledge are altogether strange, and who is entirely exempt from the suspicion of narrow-mindedness. Such pettiness and prejudice as in this country cling even to men of genius like Landor and Wordsworth, are in Germany possible only to men of such peculiar temperament as Niebuhr, &c. There is a general atmosphere of large-mindedness and fairness which enables the Germans to be beforehand with other nations in historical investigation and the pursuit of moral and speculative science, not by improving natural capacity, but by destroying the prejudice which renders even a first step impossible. Until we too have something of this candid and inquiring spirit, we must submit to receive our theology and philosophy, our archaeology and aesthetics, at second hand.

It is time, however, to quit these generalities, and, by presenting the reader with an extract from Miss Johnson's book, enable him to appreciate her talent for himself. We select an example of the keenness of her housewifely observation:

In some places an attempt is made to raise Indian corn, but we have never seen any that deserved the name. A whole field will sometimes have only one or two ears upon a stock. They either do not understand how to manage it, or the climate and soil are uncongenial, though we cannot tell why this should be. They use it only for geese and pigs. The great staple is rye, which they think is cheaper and more healthy; but a Frenchman who pretends to a chemical and practical knowledge of husbandry, says wheat can be grown as cheap, and is far more nourishing. It will take a long time to convince Germans that he is correct, for they adhere as tenaciously to black bread as to tobacco. These huge black loaves are seen everywhere, and nowhere in Germany is it the custom for the baking to be done in the family. In the country villages there is one grand oven to which all transport their loaves after having kneaded them at home. Carts are seen at all times going through the streets loaded with this commodity, piled in like so many stones, and about as hard. The form of the loaves is oval, about two feet in length, and of corresponding breadth, and the colour that of a brown Indian crust. The bread is always sour, because, to make it very light, it is permitted to stand fermenting till it is honeycomb. Among the peasantry and common *Bürger* the great loaf is placed upon the table, morning, noon, and night, for each one to cut a slice till it is gone. To our taste it is horrible stuff, which we can in nowise swallow. But the wheat bread is as universally good; from north to south, from east to west, we have never seen it otherwise, and this is both kneaded and baked at the bakers', and always wet with milk. It is light and sweet, with a rich nourishing taste. An American writer, travelling in Germany, laments that American housewives do not equal the Germans in making bread, and does not seem to have learned, all the time he was here, that German housewives do not know half as much of bread-making as American. Never a particle do they make. What a relief to these housewives must it be never to be obliged to bake, and then never to be obliged to wash! Would they not think in New England if were Paradise indeed, never to have in their kitchens the muss occasioned by the meal, and dough, and heat, the parade of tabs, and suds, and slope attendant upon the duties of Monday and Saturday, to say nothing

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of the extra occasions, when there must be an extra parade? What an easy time they would think they had, and never think help necessary in parlour or kitchen; and, with their nicely-constructed domiciles, painted floors and papered walls, they would certainly be able to do all the work, and have much time to play. Thirty or forty loaves are baked up at once; but there is a continuous eating, which requires a continuous array of dishes, and washing of plates and cups, though the ceremonies at table are simple enough. In all the houses of the middle classes there is a round table standing always before the sofa, in every room. Upon this the cloth is laid, among a great proportion of them five times a day; or perhaps at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon the white covering is dispensed with, and at these hours the meal is very light. Among the peasantry the table is long and square, and stands before a bench, both being immovable. The Bürger perhaps drinks wine in the forenoon, and the Bauermann beer, but coffee is never dispensed with by either, at breakfast and after dinner. Supper among all classes is at eight or half-past, summer and winter, and is about the same as a New England breakfast. The peasantry of the Odenwald live a great proportion of the year upon black bread and potatoes, indulging in meat only at weddings, Christmas, and church consecration feasts, and are said to average a longer life than any others in Germany, the number of those who live to the age of sixty, seventy, and even ninety, being not few, but many.

We are much disposed to agree with Miss Johnson that Germany is not exactly the land of comfort, as Anglo-Saxons have (thank Heaven!) learned to understand the term. Respecting the material well-being of the bulk of the people, however, she speaks inconsistently—in one place saying that the people of Rhenish Prussia are miserably off, but better than any of their countrymen; but giving in another a description of peasant life in Nassau which savours of nothing but rude abundance and rude health. The continual emigration to America proves of itself that all cannot be right. Much of whatever discomfort and poverty exist may be traced to the antiquated regulations of the trade guilds—a nuisance which could not long afflict any nation with sufficient practical good sense to find out when it was uncomfortable, and why. This unpractical character, this incomprehensible reluctance to translate sound theory into actual result, is the great blot upon the German intellect. They do not apply the discoveries they make. Who could imagine that Jews were still oppressed in the country of Moses Mendelssohn? or German Catholics persecuted in a land where Lessing's name has been a household word for upwards of eighty years?

In conclusion, we must renew our recommendation of Miss Johnson's book, as useful and amusing, though prejudiced and desultory. If we have seemed a little hard upon her, it is because no defect is so difficult to tolerate as conceit. It is a pity that so many Americans should be in the situation of the hero of the fairy tale, whose manifold gifts and graces were fated to be of no use to him till he should be brought to own that his princely nose was actually too long.

AN AMERICAN HUMOURIST.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Every Man his own Boswell. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Edinburgh: A. Strahan & Co.

DR. HOLMES was, we think, first made generally known to the English public by the ministry of Miss Mitford. There was much fitness in this—it might have been hard to find two people whose minds were more emphatically alike. Both were wise and genial, shrewd and sunny, witty and good-humoured. Both wrote good prose, and verse in a concatenation accordingly. It was the characteristic of the writings of each to give pleasure rather than to excite strong emotion, and to accomplish this end rather by an appeal to refined feeling and human sympathies than by any extraordinary display of eloquence or power. In prose, we must yield the palm to the lady, whose observation is more keen and whose style more lucid; but the easy flow and scholarly polish of Dr. Holmes's verse is, apparently, as yet something beyond the imitation of bards of far higher pretensions than the authoress of "Belford Regis." Some of our publishers may possibly be thankful for the hint that the Doctor is better worth plundering than most who drive the quill on the further side of the Atlantic.

This elegant volume is above the suspicion of piracy. It is a reprint of a series of essays printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the merits of which the American publishers have already

apprised us by an advertisement drawn up in the most detestable taste. The author himself appears to consider it as the ripest fruit of his genius, and the repository of his best thoughts. So, at least, we infer from the motto—*Aquí está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcías*. We may say, at least, that it discredits him not, and would discredit few. Were, indeed, the tone of the first twenty or thirty pages maintained throughout, it would be well entitled to rank with the very choicest works of humour in any language. As yet, however, no writer but Wilson has been able to preserve exuberant spirits at a uniform level, to forbid the ebb of wit, and command hilarity at will. It is, therefore, but natural that the original force of these essays should gradually decline, and ultimately subside into a pleasing pensiveness, singularly out of harmony with the sparkle of the commencement. Doubtless this would have been less strikingly the case had not the writer, by consenting to work at stated intervals for a periodical, literally mortgaged his brain to every passing mood. A man bound to furnish the ravenous engine of the press with its regular provender must renounce the author's privilege of watching for the seasonable hour of inspiration. Whatever comes uppermost must be thrown in, be its quality good, bad, or indifferent.

There is only one way of exhibiting the merits of a book of this description—a liberal resort to quotation. We select, in the first place, the remarkable contribution to zoology entitled

LE RAT DES SALONS À LECTURE.

Ce rat ci est un animal fort singulier. Il a deux pattes de derrière sur lesquelles il marche, et deux pattes de devant dont il fait usage pour tenir les journaux. Cet animal a le peau noir pour le plupart, et porte un cercle blanchâtre autour de son cou. On le trouve tous les jours aux dits salons, où il demeure, digère, s'il y a de quoi dans son intérieur, respire, tousse, éternue, dort, et ronfle quelquefois, ayant toujours la semblance de lire. On ne sait pas s'il a une autre gîte que cela. Il a l'air d'une bête très stupide, mais il est d'une sagacité et d'une vitesse extraordinaire quand il s'agit de saisir un journal nouveau. On ne sait pas pourquoi il lit, parcequ'il ne paraît pas avoir des idées. Il vocalise rarement, mais en revanche il fait des bruits nasaux divers. Il porte un crayon dans une de ses poches pectorales, avec lequel il fait des marques sur les bords des journaux et des livres, semblable aux suivants: !!!—Bah! Pooh! Il ne faut pas cependant les prendre pour des signes d'intelligence. Il ne vole pas, ordinairement; il fait rarement même des échanges de parapluie, et jamais de chapeau, parceque son chapeau a toujours un caractère spécifique. On ne sait pas au juste ce dont il se nourrit. Feu Cuvier était d'avis que c'était de l'odeur du cuir des reliures; ce qu'on dit d'être une nourriture animale fort saine, et peu chère. Il vit bien longtemps. Enfin il meure, en laissant à ses héritiers une carte du Salon à Lecture où il avait existé pendant sa vie. On prétend qu'il revient toutes les nuits, après la mort, visiter le Salon. On peut le voir, dit-on, à minuit, dans sa place habituelle, tenant le journal du soir, et ayant à sa main un crayon de charbon. Le lendemain on trouve des caractères inconnus sur les bords du journal. Ce qui prouve que le spiritualisme est vrai, et que Messieurs les Professeurs de Cambridge sont des imbéciles qui ne savent rien du tout, du tout.

The following must amuse by its oddity:

IV. Kal. Mart. . . . The lecture at the Temple of Mercury, last evening, was well attended by the élite of our great city. Two hundred thousand sestertia were thought to have been represented in the house. The doors were besieged by a mob of shabby fellows (*illotum vulgus*), who were at length quieted after two or three had been somewhat roughly handled (*gladio jugulati*). The speaker was the well-known Mark Tully, Eq.—the subject, Old Age. Mr. T. has a lean and scraggy person, with a very unpleasant excrescence upon his nasal feature, from which his nickname of *chick-pea* (Cicero) is said by some to be derived. As a lecturer is public property, we may remark that his outer garment (*toga*) was of cheap stuff and somewhat worn, and that his general style and appearance of dress and manner (*habitus vestitusque*) were somewhat provincial. The lecture consisted of an imaginary dialogue between Cato and Lælius. We found the first portion rather heavy, and retired a few moments for refreshment (*pecunia quedam vini*). All want to reach old age, says Cato, and grumble when they get it; therefore they are donkeys.—The lecturer will allow us to say that he is the donkey; we know we shall grumble at old age, but we want to live through youth and manhood, in spite of the troubles we shall groan over. There was considerable prosing as to what old age can do and can't. True, but not new. Certainly, old folks can't jump,—break the necks of their thigh bones (*femorum cervicis*) if they do; can't crack nuts with their teeth; can't climb a greased pole (*malum inunctum scandere non possunt*); but they can tell old stories and

give you good advice, if they know what you have made up your mind to do when you ask them. All this is well enough, but won't set the Tiber on fire (*Tiberim accendere nequaquam potest*). There were some clever things enough (*dicta haud inepta*), a few of which are worth reporting. Old people are accused of being forgetful; but they never forget where they have put their money. Nobody is so old he doesn't think he can live a year. The lecturer quoted an ancient maxim, "Grow old early if you would be old long," but disputed it. Authority, he thought, was the chief privilege of age. It is not great to have money, but fine to govern those that have it. Old age begins at forty-six years, according to the common opinion. It is not every kind of old age or of wine that grows sour with time. Some excellent remarks were made on immortality, but mainly borrowed from and credited to Plato. Several pleasing anecdotes were told. Old Milo, champion of the heavy weights in his day, looked at his arms and whimpered, "They are dead." Not so dead as you, you old fool, says Cato; you never were good for anything but for your shoulders and flanks. Pisistratus asked Solon what made him dare to be so obstinate. Old age, said Solon. The lecture was on the whole acceptable, and a credit to our culture and civilisation. The reporter goes on to state that there will be no lecture next week, on account of the expected combat between the bear and the barbarian. Betting (*spensio*) two to one (*duo ad unum*) on the bear.

Here is a vivid bit of philosophy:

When a person is suddenly thrust into any strange, new position of trial, he finds the place fits him as if he had been measured for it. He has committed a great crime, for instance, and is sent to the State Prison. The traditions, prescriptions, limitations, privileges, all the sharp conditions of his new life, stamp themselves upon his consciousness as the signet on soft wax; a single pressure is enough. Let me strengthen the image a little. Did you ever happen to see that most soft-spoken and velvet-handed steam-engine at the Mint? The smooth piston slides backward and forward as a lady might slip her delicate finger in and out of a ring. The engine lays one of its fingers calmly, but firmly, upon a bit of metal; it is a coin now, and will remember that touch, and tell a new race about it, when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries. So it is that a great, silent-moving misery puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment—as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it.

Here is a piece of Sterne-like pathos:

One other acquaintance I made at an earlier period of life than the habit of romancers authorises.—Love of course.—She was a famous beauty afterwards.—I am satisfied that many children rehearse their parts in the drama of life before they have shed all their milk-teeth.—I think I won't tell the story of the golden blonde. I suppose everybody has had his childish fancies; but sometimes they are passionate impulses, which anticipate all the tremulous emotions belonging to a later period. Most children remember seeing and adoring an angel before they were a dozen years old. [The old gentleman had left his chair opposite and taken a seat by the schoolmistress and myself, a little way from the table.—It's true, it's true,—said the old gentleman.—He took hold of a steel watch-chain, which carried a large square gold key at one end, and was supposed to have some kind of timekeeper at the other. With some trouble he dragged up an ancient-looking, thick, silver, bull's-eye watch. He looked at it for a moment,—hesitated,—touched the inner corner of his right eye with the pulp of his middle finger,—looked at the face of the watch,—said it was getting into the forenoon,—then opened the watch and handed me the loose outside case without a word.—The watch-paper had been pink once, and had a faint tinge still, as if all its tender life had not yet quite faded out. Two little birds, a flower, and, in small school-girl letters, a date,—17.—no matter.—Before I was thirteen years old,—said the old gentleman.—I don't know what was in that young schoolmistress's head, nor why she should have done it; but she took out the watch-paper and put it softly to her lips, as if she were kissing the poor thing that made it so long ago. The old gentleman took the watch-paper carefully from her, replaced it, turned away and walked out, holding the watch in his hand. I saw him pass the window a moment after with that foolish white hat on his head; he couldn't have been thinking what he was about when he put it on.]

And here a poem which seems to us perfect, were it not for the third and fourth lines of the last stanza:

THE VOICELESS.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sisters' breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—
As for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.
Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their heart's sad story—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropp'd from Misery's crushing presses,—
If slinging breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were pour'd,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

On the whole, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, supposing him to lay aside his imperial pretensions, may rely upon a warm welcome to the great Republic of Letters.

WHAT WE EAT.

The Curiosities of Food, or the Dainties and Delicacies of Different Nations obtained from the Animal Kingdom. By PETER LUND SIMMONDS, F.R.G.S., F.S.S. London: Bentley.

MANY as have been the anecdotes told to the public concerning the Great Exhibition of 1851, there is much that occurred in high quarters during the existence of that singular international enterprise, which has never found its way into printer's type, although the official reports would fill a small library. The publication of the present volume gives an opportunity—shall we say a pretext?—for telling a yet unrecorded story.

Some time in the summer of that great historical year, a number of gentlemen connected with the leading committee of the Exhibition arrived at the conclusion that their work would be incomplete unless they investigated the food and cookery of the many represented nations of the world. Books had been written upon these interesting subjects; reports had been gathered from different travellers from time to time; but nothing like a bold, conclusive series of experiments had ever been attempted by the most curious investigators.

Wild rumours were flying about the town that distressed natives of many countries were gradually sinking in inaccessible lodgings, or rushing madly through the streets, pining for the beloved and palatable food of their distant native land. Reports were gaining ground that certain Africans and Malays had been taken into custody upon the novel and extraordinary charge of sending a large monkey to the bakehouse. People in strange costumes had been seen to wander into respectable dining-rooms; had been heard to ask (through an interpreter) for a dinner of boiled porcupine; and had been observed to look as if inclined to run a muck at the paper-reading, steak-devouring customers when they found they were being laughed at. It was known to gentlemen who moved in circles likely to be acquainted, &c., that the Burmese plenipotentiary had paid a large ransom for an unfortunate fellow-countryman who had set a kitchen-chimney on fire at his lodgings in the attempt to fry some grasshoppers in an ocean of butter. Reports of this kind came day by day and hour by hour to the ears of these official gentlemen before mentioned, who were a part of the executive administration of the exhibition; and they thought the proper time had now arrived to test the quality, the varieties, and, above all, the different tastes of these strange and peculiar dishes, which seemed to afford nourishment and gratification to their fellow-creatures in every part of the inhabitable globe. They had had an opportunity of judging with their eyes what things the half-civilised man had made; but to complete their mission they must attempt the task of judging with their stomachs what things had made the half-civilised man. Cooks of all nations were now assembled within the industrial palace, and the chance of conducting their experiment with the best professional assistance might never present itself again. A certain number of courageous committeemen (would that we could record their honoured names!) were found willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of information; and the necessary orders were issued to prepare for the philosophic feast. The exact spot, or tavern, where the deadly banquet was served, with the exact number and names of those who were actively present, must always remain a secret as far as we are concerned; but there, on a certain day, in the very heart of the haunts of fashion, almost within sight of the glittering palace they loved so well, these heroes of the dinner table met, and saw, and sickened. Like passengers by a Hamburg steamer, which is slowly gliding past the cupolas of Greenwich Hospital, they were cheerful, they

were confident; more, they were totally unprejudiced, until their dreaded foreland—their first dish—hove in sight. It was rattlesnake soup, which, though a comparatively harmless compound, was transformed by imagination into a dreadful Spartan broth. What was the next dish? No man could exactly tell; two members had abruptly withdrawn; every one felt nervous. It came—stewed alligator, served out by an Egyptian cook. One gentleman tasted of it, and cried aloud in his agony. Another gentleman—a distinguished F.S.A.—also tasted of it, and, in the words of Smollett, he stood up like the statue of a river-god, with the liquor running out of both sides of his mouth. The investigation was pursued no further; nausea, bile, and long-settled habit were too much for the philosophic mind; and the world was still left to gather its knowledge of strange food, and stranger cookery, from the pages of scientific theorists and travelling observers, rather than from the experience of practical men.

Mr. Simmonds's book supplies that information the truth or falsehood of which the committeemen of 1851 were so anxious to test. Mr. Simmonds gathers his material from all sources, groups it under natural history divisions, places it before his reader in an agreeable form, and leaves him to draw his own deductions. Passages are given from Liebig to show that gelatine is not nutritious, and that it may be made from old kid gloves, bones, hide clippings, or parchment. Other passages are given from Sir John Ross's "Arctic Narrative" and Köhler's "Russia," descriptive of sledges made of frozen salmon, which are often cut up by the hungry natives and devoured, piece by piece, as a dainty. Accounts are given from Johnston's Travels, and other sources, of the Abyssinian practice of getting drunk upon raw meat; and this may be taken as showing the manner in which the book is constructed. As the author very modestly says himself: "Many of the articles of food named are so outrageously repulsive, and the consideration of the subject in a collected form is altogether so new, that I have preferred citing authorities in all instances, so as to relieve myself from the charge of exaggeration or the imputation of untenable assertions. For this reason, and from the varied and very extended nature of the field of inquiry, I can claim no merit for original writing in this work."

The author has shown great industry in his collection of facts. The book only deals with the curiosities of animal food, the curiosities of vegetable food being reserved for another volume. The result is to show us that very few living things of the air, the earth, or the water, are found unpalatable to man in his different states of existence. Monkeys, bats, hyenas, polecats, foxes, lions, wolves, bears, badgers, dogs, rats, porcupines, elephants, camels, parrots, crocodiles, alligators, lizards, serpents, snakes, sharks, whales, beetles, spiders, grasshoppers, caterpillars, butterflies, and snails, have all, with a multitude of kindred birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects, come under the sacrificial hands of the butcher and the cook.

Tolerance is as much required in cookery as in religion. We may laugh or shudder at stewed crocodile, and decline rather decidedly to be helped to roasted snakes; but thousands of human beings regard these things as luxuries who would loathe the very sight of our bleeding beef. Of course, in this case, we should satisfy our national egotism by calling them benighted savages; and they, in their way, would return our contempt by equally uncomplimentary expressions. Every nation thinks its choice of food the right one; and so it is. We are glad to welcome Mr. Simmonds for any information he has to give; but we may add that, while one half of the world does not know, it need not care much, how the other half lives.

A NEW POET.

Cecil and Mary: or, Phases of Life and Love. By JOSEPH EDWARD JACKSON. London: Parker and Son.

We saw this poem first in the form of a large mass of manuscript selections from it, made by the author's own hand; and we are not sure but they struck us more in this insulated shape than they do now when bound up along with inferior matter in an entire poem. The author is full of fine thought, feeling, and genius, but is either destitute of the constructive faculty, or has never given it the slightest cul-

vation. The story has very little pretensions either to ingenuity or interest. It is that of a youth and maiden—the youth Cecil, a pious and ardent person, who, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, becomes a missionary to the East; and the maiden Mary, who, after refusing a wealthy suitor at home, follows Cecil and wedd him in India, where they are subjected to many trials, including the loss of a child, and are made "perfect through suffering." The moral of the piece seems conveyed in the words of the dying Cecil.

Our life is but a longer dying death—
That sullen angel-demon clothed in rags—
Never gaining on us in the race,
And is, when least we think so, at our heels.
We kiss our brides, and never think that he
Ere long will push between us his gaunt form.
Our children are but flowers for his lean hand.
But who would therefore murmur? for 'tis death
Who ushers us into the Better Land.

Apart from story, however, this little untending volume contains a great many beautiful, nay exquisite, poetical thoughts and images, little inferior to anything in Bigg's "Night and the Soul," or Smith's "Life Drama."

Let us now proceed to the agreeable task of proving the above statement by a few extracts. Having first seen this poet as a congeries of little stars, and then as a bright but unequal orb, let us now proceed to "cut him into little stars" again.

My heart is sad;
And, as still seas may cover jagged rocks,
So may a calm face hide a troubled mind!
But let us weep as though we wept not. Life
Is but a flake of snow that falls upon
A lava stream, and is exhaled away.
We are dying now, and every breath we give
Makes our small sum of life a fraction less.
'Tis for our good, this grief. The thunder clears
The air for thousands, though it cleaves one tree;
And when it strikes a life out, still it sears
These words, "Fear God," upon a thousand souls
Deeper than they before were.

This seems at once good theology and striking poetry. The following thoughts, too, are fine:

And oh, my mother, I would often send
Sweet letters home, to lie upon your heart
Like a cool hand upon a fever'd brow.
Weeping clouds make the sun-tinted bow,
That autograph of God upon the sky.

Thus Mary in her enthusiasm prays, anticipating her connexion with Cecil in that "field which is the world":

After we have laboured long and well,
And heavy sheaves stand slanting all around,
In the soft twilight of the dying day
Call me to rest from the field, Lord, for I fear
It would dismay me to be left alone.

God is everywhere:
That wondrous truth is worth a million friends.
Mere contact makes not nearness; they who sit
On the same hearth are often more apart
Than those who have a bulging hemisphere
Rising between them.

Listen to this advice, every husband, as to the conduct thou owest to thy wife!

Sun her with your smile
When she is joyful; and whene'er she stands
Within the shade of grief, stand you there too.
Pray with her, read to her, lead her gently on
Up the ascent of life, until you reach
That spot whence one of you shall be caught up
And landed on the golden steps of Heaven.

We might thus go on *ad infinitum*, cutting out from almost every page thoughts chased in golden expressions and figures. But we prefer quoting two rather long passages, as testing the breath of this ardent climber up Parnassus:

It is a new thing when the eye sees God
In everything, and when the heart communes
With Him at all times; when the blacken'd earth
Is gilded o'er with the pure gold of Heaven;
When the loud boomings of the battling seas
Are echoes of the awful voice of God;
When the Heaven-pointing mountain is a mound
Raised with one spadeful by the arm of God;
When the quick-darting lightning's flash
Is the clear glitter of His golden spear;
When the dread city-raging earthquake shock
Is the globe shuddering in His mighty grasp;
The enormous sun a tiny ball, slung down
From the great floor of heaven to give us light;
When the toss'd branches of the waving trees
Are seen but to be sway'd by His pure breath;
When every lily is another glimpse
Of His love for the beautiful; and when
Each insect, sparkling in the summer sun,
Is seen to draw its life and joy from Heaven.

Or take this. Is it not a noble strain of poetry? He is illustrating the variety of Nature's colours:

See the Great Artist, with a thousand tints
On His grand palette, and mark how He paints
His sapphire skies, fleck'd o'er with feathery clouds,
And prick'd with spots of gold in the dark night,
The bolts of heaven's pavement. His green trees—
Aye, but how many hues of green: and see
The sad laburnum weep its shower of gold.
The lilac many-plumed, the purple beech,
The hawthorn in its bridal dress of white;

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The gorgeous autumn woods, so beautiful
That even old Winter moans, as he sweeps through,
To spoil such solemn beauty. His rich flowers,
Which look as if the gems of the old earth
Had taken root and grown into the light—
The rose ablush, as if it had been caught,
Gazing with pride at its own loveliness.
The bashful violet; the tulip, bold
Of its gay beauty; the rich hyacinth;
The lily drooping with its load of charms.
Look at His butterflies, those souls of flowers,
Which haunt our gardens and kiss the rich blooms;
Their loving sisters. Even His busy bees
Work in right gallant suits of divers hues.
His peacocks with their glittering rainbow fans;
His pheasants golden-liveried; His birds
In summer climes where He has dipp'd His brush
In richer tints than our grey skies can bear;
His cattle patch'd with colour; His clear streams
Where darts the spotted trout; His speckled snakes,
Hideous yet beautiful, as though they were
The work of some fallen angel, who had kept
His sense of beauty when the sense of love
Had left him; His striped tigers, spotted pards,
And deer brown dappled.
Talk not of statues: look at a fair girl,
With cheeks of rose and eyes of violet,
With flesh of alabaster vein'd with blue,
And hair a rippled mass of jetty silk.
How much of ornament, of varied tint,
Is brought together by God's lavish hand
In one rich landscape!—Let us try to paint
Like the Great Artist!

Mr. Jackson has yet a great deal to learn, and we hope to do. But he has fine powers, and—what we believe he values himself more upon—he has a reverential, devotional, and Christian spirit. We hail him as a most promising accession to the list of our rising "New Poets."

APOLLORUS.

TELEMACHUS IN RHYME.

The Adventures of Telemachus, the Son of Ulysses. Translated from the French. By EDWIN W. SIMCOX. London. Longmans and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

He must have great reliance on his own powers who would attempt to turn into rhyme the prose of such a distinguished writer as Fenelon. If any one had proposed to us such a task, and especially as applied to *The Adventures of Telemachus*, which is undoubtedly the Frenchman's masterpiece, we should have shrunk back dismayed at the prospect. What beauty might we not either deface or destroy? Nevertheless there was a man of our own time who had the courage to attempt it. "He failed of course," says a friend at our elbow. Why, not exactly, we reply; or if he did fail, the public have signified a desire to see the failure repeated, and here it is in the form of a second edition. We may therefore be brief in our remarks, since it is not necessary, nor has it ever been our plan, to be prolix over a book which has passed what we may term its probationary state. Now what was the task Mr. Simcox undertook? He selected a prose story which has had as great a reputation as any ever written, in order to transpose it into couplets. In order to make the proposed measure, there was the danger of expletives, and the greater danger still of Fenelon's naturalness being destroyed to make way for unnatural iambics. In the original what was free and lively ran a serious risk of being changed to metrical formality, and what beautiful into the deformity of a limping foot or a faulty accentuation. We must embrace all the difficulties of the task in order to appreciate the value of the success. If Fenelon were living now, and understood the English language thoroughly, he could not be otherwise than grateful to see his greatest work transplanted thus into English poetics. Mr. Simcox does not pretend to literalness in his translation; and literal he could not be if he intended, as he did, to rear a fine poem on the substratum of a delightful story. The translator has done his part if he has conserved the spirit of his great original; and no doubt he has done this much. It was the spirit rather than the precise language which it was most desirable to retain, since it was said by an authority, Bayle we believe, that Fenelon's work gained its success because "it spoke to the taste of all nations." There has been no nation which has not in some period of its growth travelled through the throes of tyranny; and every student knows how bravely Fenelon in his *Telemachus* has opposed tyrants and tyranny. Is it possible that "*Telemachus*" is allowed to be freely circulated in France at the present moment? It is said that the persecutions Fenelon had to bear were in consequence of his *Telemachus*, though others have ascribed them to the publication of his "*Maxims of the Saints*." One fact is pretty well established, that hardly had 200 pages of *Telemachus* been printed when the King, Louis XIV., commanded the impression

to be stopped. That there was something in *The Adventures of Telemachus* not very pleasing to despotic power is evident enough from the fact that it was privately handed about in MS., until one of Fenelon's servants sold it to a bookseller and it was published at the Hague in 1701. A work of this kind, it will be seen, is always likely to awaken a lively interest. We rather regret that some of the circumstances which we have briefly related above are not mentioned in Mr. Simcox's preface. If it be true, as Mr. Simcox asserts, that very many persons are ignorant of *The Adventures of Telemachus*, it is equally true that they do not know in what relation Fenelon stood to the Court of France by the publication of the work in question. A knowledge of one fact may help to give significance to the other. We may merely add that Mr. Simcox's volumes richly deserve the success they have obtained. In this case success or failure hung on one condition—that a valuable translation could have come from no man who was not an excellent poet.

Musings in Many Moods. By JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON. (London: Partridge and Co.)—Those who think a volume of poetry would be an apt present at Christmas, and who cannot afford an expensive illustrated work, but require something with external grace and internal excellence, may content themselves with *Musings in Many Moods*. That there are great poems in this volume which shall hand down their author's name to posterity we cannot assert; but there are pleasing fancies, all the more welcome from the unpedantic manner in which they reveal themselves. In dealing with these poems we feel that we have to do with the history of the heart rather than the subtlety of the intellect. Brilliant they are not, but their truthfulness will make some amends for absence of power. A pretty sentiment cannot take rank with a grand idea, no more than a flower can be classed in importance with a star; but flowers are here to gladden our eyes even when we do not behold the stars. Every poem which affords pleasure is an excellent thing, and we ought to accept it for what it is, not reject it because it cannot move passion to its profoundest depths. These poems by Mr. Rogerson have one charm of which neither neglect nor hostile criticism can deprive them, and that is chaste and unpretending beauty. The subjects are very varied, and therefore are aptly called *Musings in Many Moods*. No one can take up the volume without finding something suited to his condition or his taste. We regret to say that Mr. Rogerson is a confirmed valetudinarian, "debarred," to use his own words, "entirely from locomotion." To any man this must be a sorrowful deprivation, but to a poet more sorrowful still. The lark in a cage cannot sing as he does amid the freedom of his own mountain heather; neither can the poet unfold half his soul when for him the wild flowers do not bloom, and he depends mainly on memory for the preservation of beauty. Till the time shall come, if it ever come, when Mr. Rogerson can ramble again through the green fields of his own happy England, may his sunny memories still be preserved to him to light up his heart and his poems!

The Hand-book of Autographs: being a ready guide to the handwriting of distinguished men and women of every nation. Designed for the use of literary men, autograph collectors, and others. Executed by F. G. NETHERCLIFT. Part I. (London: F. G. Netherclift.)—Autograph hunters, bibliomaniacs, coin collectors, et id genus omne, are sneered at by those strong-minded people who take no interest in anything but amassing wealth, soon, perhaps, to be consumed by their spendthrift heirs. Others see no good that can come of collecting butterflies and beetles, or stuffed birds, or minerals and fossils. And so we suppose Sir Hans Sloane was mightily joked about his museum; and no less Sir Robert Cotton and Lord High Treasurer Harley about their collections of autographs and other MSS. It is plain that all this collecting is not without its uses, which, however, it would be long here to specify. And so we pass at once to the commendation of Mr. Netherclift's new *Hand-book of Autographs*. To say that such a work will be found highly useful by the professed autograph collector is only to assert an obvious truism; but it is one calculated to interest a much larger class than this—in fact, readers generally, and persons of professed literary tastes and habits in particular. The price is exceedingly low, only two shillings for each part, twelve parts constituting a volume. This first part contains as many as a hundred and twenty autograph fac-similes, done in the best style of lithography, and each autograph accompanied by three or four lines of text, also faithfully copied in fac-simile, so that we have as many as five autographs a penny! What could be cheaper? Among the illustrious names that occur in Part I. are those of Addison, Anna Boleyn, Blake, Bacon, Charles I., Cromwell, Descartes, Dryden, Erasmus, Luther, Ignatius Loyola, Rousseau, Pope, Selden, Shakspere, Washington, and Horace Walpole. We conclude by heartily wishing for Mr. Netherclift's publication all the success that it so richly deserves.

Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints, illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Colossians. By THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. author of "Pleas for Ragged Schools," &c. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)—This new volume of discourses by Dr. Guthrie will be heartily welcomed by all who are acquainted with the author's previous works, "*The Gospel in Ezekiel*," and "*The City, its Sins and its Sorrows*;" while readers who come fresh to its perusal will be astonished at its vigorous eloquence and rich and varied illustrations. In theology Dr. Guthrie reproduces the scheme of the old Puritan divines, which he makes plain to every understanding, and justifies by continual appeal to Scripture. In the present volume almost every article of the Christian Faith is explained and illustrated; the reasonableness of Christianity and its thorough adaptation to the wants of mankind are insisted upon; and believers are comforted with a glowing picture of that "inheritance of the Saints," which, by the free grace of God, is to be their reward hereafter.

Lessons of Life for Female Domestic. By GRANDFATHER GRAY. London, Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.)—There are few books written expressly for the use of servants. Hannah More, we believe, did something of the kind; if not books, at all events she wrote some tracts for their use, which had only the fault of being too religious, and which are now rather out of date. There is a kitchen literature indeed, at present; but of what does it consist? Generally of *Reynolds's Miscellany*, or things of that kind. Now, it would be far from us to think of discouraging amusing reading in the kitchen during those spare half-hours which almost every female servant has at her disposal in respectable families; but at the same time we conceive that it would be well to place in their way something that would remind them of their moral and religious duties as well. Sermons and tracts are not always acceptable to them; for, like children, they like to be interested at the same time that they are instructed. The short tale, with the moral tagged on at the end, will be always found the most effectual, as is the case in the little book before us. Grandfather Gray, whoever he is, appears to know a great deal about the nature of female servants; and in an easy, natural way has here penned some golden counsels for them which they cannot fail to comprehend. He insinuates himself gently into their confidence, and by various means shows how much their own happiness depends upon a proper discharge of their duties towards their masters and mistresses. The headings of some of the chapters in this book—as "*Mistress must answer for that*," "*The missing spoon*," "*Grumblers*," "*It is possible to be too long in one place*," "*Charms*," "*What are servants made of*," "*I may as well say it as think it*," "*I am going to leave, Cook*"—will show both its practical bearing and the varied nature of its contents. In style Grandfather Gray very much resembles "*Old Humphrey*" (the late Mr. Moggridge), with which high praise we conclude, heartily recommending his work as an appropriate addition to the kitchen library.

The Logic of Atheism. Three Lectures. By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR. Delivered in the Large Temperance Hall, Sheffield. (London: Judd and Glass.)—These lectures were delivered in reply to a course of lectures by Mr. Holyoake, in which not only the doctrines of Christianity but of Theism generally were openly impugned by him, much to the scandal of several persons present, who, knowing how much could be said on the other side, entreated Mr. Batchelor to undertake the task of answering him. Mr. Batchelor, not being a novice in controversy with the *Secularists*, as they are called, readily complied, and the lectures now before us are the result, printed exactly as they were delivered. Mr. Batchelor is an expert logician, and as Mr. Holyoake claims to be one also, our author's first care is to examine his pretensions in this respect. This he does in a masterly manner—at least, if Mr. Holyoake's arguments are fairly set down. He taxes Mr. Holyoake with either not understanding, or with misrepresenting, Archdeacon Paley's celebrated argument from design in favour of the existence of a God. "You are all acquainted," he says, "with the manner in which Dr. Paley sums up the argument: 'Design must have had a designer. That designer must have been a person. That person is God.' But, interposes Mr. Holyoake, 'on what does Dr. Paley ground his reasoning?' I will confess what Mr. Holyoake requires—on 'experience.' Then Mr. Holyoake rejoins, the designer must himself be designed, and the person is organised; therefore you have not found the infinite and eternal whom you seek, but a being himself contrived, corporeal, limited. I ask Mr. Holyoake how he arrives at this conclusion. He answers, 'Experience tells me so.' My experience does not tell me so. When did Mr. Holyoake's experience bring him into contact with this corporeal Deity? I stay not to thrust Mr. Holyoake into the inconsistencies which lie in these statements; let us probe his fallacies to the bottom." Mr. Batchelor then goes on to show that his opponent does not fully comprehend what Dr. Paley meant by *experience*. Paley's words are perhaps "wanting in that delicate nicety and subtle exactness which one requires in philosophy;" but while Mr. Holyoake would restrict the meaning of the word *experience* to the evidence of the senses,

and that alone, Dr. Paley as clearly understands by it "the testimony of reason, as well as the observation of the senses," which makes all the difference. But whatever may have been the meaning of Paley, "This question," says Mr. Batchelor, "has to be settled by reason, by experience, and by the study of nature, and not by experience and experience only, in Mr. Holyoake's sense of the term." In this way our author attacks Mr. Holyoake's several arguments one by one, and, after having shown them to be as illogical and unreasonable as they are impious and daring, he calls upon his readers to rest in preference in the belief that there is an all-wise and all-mighty God by whom all things were created—that belief which has not only been revealed in Scripture, but which from the earliest ages has received the consent of mankind.

The Early Life of Old Jack: a Sea Tale. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. (London: T. Nelson and Sons.)—A story of sea adventure, professedly founded upon the life of an old tar, and manifestly written for the entertainment of boys who have a liking that way. And, sooth to say, it has all that can recommend itself to such readers; for it has plenty of storm, battle, and hairbreadth 'scapes. It is prettily printed and bound, and altogether makes a very attractive volume.

Milly Warrenner: a Tale of Country Life. (London: T. C. Newby.)—Not holding in memory any recollection of "Two Martyr Stories," a former work by the same pen, we are unable to say whether the author or authoress of *Milly Warrenner* has advanced or retrograded. At present there is no reason for predicting the commonest success, far less any great amount of fame, in this school of writing. Of story *Milly Warrenner* has no more than Canning's "Knife-grinder;" the style is awkward, and we are unable to discover any moral or purpose from one end of the book to the other.

The English Boy in Japan; or the Perils and Adventures of Mark Raffles. By WILLIAM DALTON. (T. Nelson and Sons.)—Mr. Dalton seems to have acquired as complete a monopoly over books of travel and adventure upon Asiatic ground as Captain Mayne Reid has over those whose scenery lies in the Far West. He has evidently tintured his mind with a careful perusal of all books of Eastern travel, and is able to realise a people and a mode of life with which practically he can be but imperfectly acquainted. It is true that there is a certain sameness about the machinery which he uses for the development of his ideal pictures—seeing that it appears to consist of a couple of boys vagabondising over strange countries, and encountering a great variety of accidents, from which they invariably escape and survive to the enjoyment of fame and fortune. Mark Raffles, the hero of the tale, is an English boy, who joins Toda, a Japanese lad, in an expedition into the native land of the latter. The adventures with which they meet are stirring enough, and related in a spirited style; but the manners and customs of the Japanese are very closely painted after the few authorities we have upon these subjects, from Komppfer down to the present day. Mr. Dalton assures us in his preface that, so far from this book being suddenly called into existence by the recent treaty with Japan, it was in type before the news of that event reached this country.

Canadian Crusoes: a Tale of the Rice Lake Plains. By CATHERINE PARR TRAILL. Edited by AGNES STRICKLAND. Illustrated by HARVEY. (Arthur (Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—This pleasant little volume is apparently as popular as it deserves to be, for it is the second edition that is before us. Like all the Crusoe books, it is a lesson of independence; the scene chosen being the backwoods of Canada. Harvey's illustrations are pretty, and materially aid the attractive appearance of the book.

True Stories for Children from Ancient History. By Mrs. EDMONDS. (Tallant and Allan.)—Well-written little tales for children, based upon the stories of Cyrus, Semiramis, Sardanapalus, the fall of Darius, Leonidas, Xerxes, and Alexander.

Moore's Irish Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte, No. 1. (Longmans.)—The present instalment contains not less than thirteen of Moore's Irish Melodies, with the music fully noted and legibly printed. The entire work will be completed in ten numbers, at a price which brings it within the reach of the humblest admirers of the bard.

False Appearances. By Mrs. MACKAY. (Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—A pretty little tale, gracefully written, and inculcating a wholesome moral.

A Few out of Thousands: their Sayings and Doings. By AUGUSTA JOHNSTONE. (Groombridge and Sons.)—A quiet unpretending record of the talk of some very amiable and very homely people. Not strong meat for men certainly, but rather skim-milk for babes, and intended by the authoress to supply what she deems to be a want for "quiet every-day histories."

Augustin and Wenonda; or, Forgiveness of Injuries. (Tallant and Allan.)—A tale translated from the German, prettily written, and inculcating a wholesome lesson.

The Royal Punch and Judy, as Played before the Queen at Windsor Castle and the Crystal Palace (Dean and Son)—is what may be called, in theatrical parlance, a practicable child's book, seeing that it contains a large share of the well-known drama of *Punch*,

in pictures movable by means of slips of cardboard. The incidents of that exciting drama are too well understood to need any explanation here; and we must confine our criticism to the remark that, as a picture book, this will prove amusing to children until they succeed in pulling it to pieces.

Sketches of London Life and Character. By Albert Smith, R. B. Brough, J. Stirling Coyne, Angus B. Reach, Shirley Brooks, Horace Mayhew, Charles Kenney, John Oxenford, Jas. Hannay, and T. Miller. (Dean and Son.)—An amusing collection of fugitive papers from the pens of these well-known literati.

Outlines of Creation. By ELISHA NOYCE. Illustrated with four hundred engravings, by the Brothers DALZIEL. (Ward and Lock.)—Well compiled as a sort of beginner's book to the youthful student of science. Natural phenomena are divided into heads, such as the Sky, the Air, the Earth, the Waters; and a sufficiently comprehensive survey is given of the entire phenomena of nature. The well-executed engravings by Messrs. Dalziel render material assistance towards the proper understanding of the matter.

Classification of English Statutes; Collection of Public Statutes. Edited by JAMES BIGG. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.)—Pending the long-talked-of and greatly-to-be-desired codification of our laws, nothing has so much tended to render the law of the land intelligible to the secular mind as the arrangement of our statutes by Mr. Bigg. His plan, like all good and careful ones, comes recommended by its extreme simplicity. He is classifying the statutes now in force under the heads to which they apply. Thus, a manual containing one hundred pages contains all the statutes, carefully indexed, which affect joint stock companies. Within another, of still smaller dimensions, are compressed all the provisions affecting probates and divorce. To those who wish to know something of our statute laws, and who are frightened at the awful dimensions of the "Statutes at Large," we can cordially recommend this handy and sufficient edition by Mr. Bigg. Side by side with these collections of statutes the author is publishing *The Statute Book of England*, which contains all the enactments affecting the general kingdom from the seventeenth Parliament of her present Majesty. A supplemental part to this, revised every year, sets forth all the alterations which have taken place, and which affect former statutes. This also is a work of immense utility.

The Kangaroo Hunters; or, Adventures in the Bush. By ANNE BOWMAN. (G. Routledge and Co.)—Another book of the Crusoe kind, founded on Australian experience. It is well written, handsomely got up, and will prove a very acceptable present to many a lad this Christmas.

Outlines of Scripture History. By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE. (Longmans.)—A well-compiled class-book of Scripture history, divided into chapters or lessons, with a judicious selection of questions at the end of each.

On the Loss of Teeth, and the best Means of Restoring them. By THOMAS HOWARD. (Simpkin and Marshall.)—A very useful treatise upon a very important subject; for, as it has been very truly observed, if toothache were rare it would be regarded as one of the most painful diseases to which humanity is prone. Mr. Howard is a practical dentist, and describes himself as surgeon-dentist to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A Tour in Southern Europe. By the Rev. JOHN PULLING. (James Nisbet and Co.)—A very commonplace journal, written by a very excellent, well-meaning man—albeit one not deeply versed in the ways of the world. The best, indeed the only excuse for printing it, lies in the allegation that the success of its publication will be for the benefit of a chapel about to be built in High-street, Deptford.

The Circle of Knowledge.—Manuals I. and II.—Graded Lessons I., II., and III.—The Teacher's Handbook to the Circle of Knowledge. By CHARLES BAKER. (Wertheim and Mackintosh.)—Five class-books containing information, conveyed through the medium of question and answer, upon almost every conceivable subject, and leading the minds of pupils up from simple to more recondite subjects. Mr. Baker, the compiler, is the head master of the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the author of several educational works of merit and utility.

Conversations on England, as it Was and Is. By Mrs. KEMP. (Longmans.)—Mrs. Markham's "Questions on English History" have so long held what we cannot but think an undeserved sway over the schoolrooms of English preparatory schools, that we must regard the conversation form of instruction as an established one. The object of the excellent volume before us is to imbue little English people with a knowledge and therefore a love of their own country. Before Lord Bacon would allow any one to travel, his wont was to examine the would-be wanderer as to his knowledge of his native land, in which if he found him deficient, he admonished him to stay at home until he knew his own country better. These conversations are divided between the different counties of England; and the past history and state, as well as the present condition, of these divisions are fully and simply discussed. It is a book to be strongly recommended for use in preparatory schools.

The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A collection of nice little stories, each inculcating some excellent moral, or some grave piece of useful information.

A Second Latin Book. By EDWIN ABBOT. (Longmans.)—Intended as a companion, or more properly follower, of the "First Latin Book." This manual contains as much of the Syntax as will enable the student "to parse accurately and construe upon sound principles;" there are also exercises for recomposition, and Caesar's account of his two invasions with explanatory notes and a vocabulary. The rules of Syntax are for the most part adopted from Zumpt.

The Phytologist for December contains a valuable notice of the Flora of the Channel Islands, by Mr. G. Henslow; a letter on the Bryology of Southport, by Dr. J. B. Wood; a Botanical Sketch of New Brighton, near Liverpool, and various other papers of interest.

In the *Journal of the Statistical Society* for December, the following are the subjects introduced:—1. Chronicon Pretiosum Snathense; or Lists of Prices of various kinds of Agricultural Produce and of other articles in the Ecclesiastical Peculiar of Snath, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. 2. Comparative View of the Money Rate of Wages in Glasgow and the West of Scotland. 3. On the Industrial and Sanitary Economy of the Borough of Leeds in 1858. 4. On the recent History of the Cr dit Mobilier. 5. Notes on Indian Fibres. 6. On the Progress of Free Trade on the Continent. 7. Notes on Self-supporting Dispensaries. 8. The Sewing Machine in Glasgow, and its Effects on Production, Prices, and Wages.

We have also received *The British Workman*. Part IV. (Partridge and Co.)—*Midnight Scenes and Social Photographs.* By Shadow. (London: Houlston and Wright.)—*The Hertfordshire Almanac.* (Hertford: Stephen Austin.)—*The Franchise: what shall we do to it?* (James Ridgway.)—*A Charge delivered to the Clergy and Churchwardens of the Diocese of Lincoln.* By John Jackson, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln. (W. Skeffington.)—*Daily Prayers for the Sick and Suffering.* (Wertheim.)—*Souvenir from a Christian Friend.* (Wertheim.)—*A Dream: Beauty and Truth.* (Partridge.)—*A Few Remarks upon "Four Papers from the Boston Courier."* A Reviewer Reviewed. (Boston: W. Kent.)—*Routledge's Shakespeare.* Edited by H. Staunton. Parts XXXI. and XXXII., containing the whole of "Cymbeline." (Routledge.)—*Promotion by Merit, in Relation to Government and Education.* By Geo. Charles Broderick, M.A. (Ridgway.)—*Leaves from a Sabbath-school Teacher's Note Book.* By Robert Frame. (Judd and Glass.)—*London University Magazine.* No. XXXII.—*Troublesome Times.* By the Rev. Josiah Bateman. (Wertheim.)—*An Address to Masters and Mistresses.* By the Rev. S. A. Walker. (Wertheim.)—*Margaret Catchpole.* By the Rev. R. Cobbold. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) A very welcome addition of Mr. Cobbold's lifelike and thrilling story to the "Run and Read Library."

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FOREIGN LITERATURE.

A FRENCH EDITION OF AN ENGLISH TALE.
Lady Clare, &c. (Lady Clare: a Legend. By
J.T. SAINT-GERMAIN, Author of "The Legend
of a Pin.") Paris: Jules Gardien.

The author of "Mignon" (which we reviewed a few months ago) here adventures upon British ground. The dedication tells the story of "Lady Clare's" origin. Passing a few days at Boulogne with the English gentleman to whom the volume is inscribed, M. de Saint-Germain was introduced to the poems of Tennyson. The Poet Laureate's "Lady Clare" suggested to the French writer the subject of another "légende," as he somewhat affectedly entitles each of his innocent and pleasing but much over-rated novelets. It is a pity that M. de Saint-Germain's English friend did not inform him that Tennyson's "Lady Clare" was avowedly borrowed from one of the best of British fictions, the "Inheritance" of Miss Ferrier, whom and which Sir Walter Scott delighted to honour. We might in that case have been spared the shock to old associations given by M. de Saint-Germain's travestie. Perhaps "Lady Clare" may be by French critics as highly lauded as its predecessors; but on an English or Scotch reader the impression can hardly fail to be a ludicrous one.

M. de Saint-Germain's Lady Clare is a Scottish heiress of the nineteenth century, young, beautiful, sentimental, and all the rest of it. She has lost both father and mother, and lives in the enjoyment of her immense wealth on the banks of the Clyde, and at her ancestral residence of—what does the reader think?—of—Cumnor Hall! Sadly loose, indeed, are M. de Saint-Germain's notions of British geography and topography. In the opening passage, when commencing a description of her Ladyship taking a walk in her park, the author indulges in the following burst: "It is only on that green sward, beneath the impenetrable dome of secular oaks, that flower and fade those blonde daughters of Eve, who have perhaps procured to that foggy country the pretty title of 'joyeuse Angleterre,'"—the author adding in a parenthesis, to show his knowledge of our language, "the merry England!" Lady Clare herself is not particularly merry, for she is expecting her undeclared but unmistakable lover, Lord Ronald. His Lordship has not far to come, for he lives, when at home, at the neighbouring "manor-house of Maubray" (Parisian we presume for "Mowbray") with his father, who somehow or other is not a lord, but simply "the good squire of Maubray," and his aunt, an elderly spinster, "Miss Beatrix." Neither of these relatives know of his visits to Cumnor Hall, whose fair young owner they detest, for the very good reason that the Squire was the next heir to Cumnor Hall, and would have been living there had there been no such person as Lady Clare. Well, up rides Lord Ronald, and finds his lady love in her park, "seated dreaming by the brink of a murmuring fountain," and repeating snatches of old Scottish ballads of an amatory cast.

She seemed to be listening with attention to a distant and almost imperceptible sound. "It is he," she said. The noise augmented by degrees, and soon, Ronald, having fastened to a tree his horse covered with foam, emerged from the thick bushes and advanced into the amphitheatre of verdure which crowned the fountain. She gave him her hand with-

out rising, and he seated himself at her feet. They remained for a long time without speaking a word.

When the conversation does begin, however, it is, we are bound to confess, on one side at least, of a very direct and explicit nature. Without being asked, Lady Clare offers herself and all her goods and chattels (duly catalogued) to the lovesick but tremulous Lord Ronald. "I will make you," quoth the lady, "my lord and master. Yours, Ronald," she continues, rather in the style of the late Mr. George Robins, "yours shall be these great possessions, these fertile fields, these noble woods—yours all these flowers, and the waters from the murmuring spring, and the sky which glasses herself in them—yours the battle-mented turrets of the old castle of Cumnor Hall—yours, Ronald—its mistress!" Let none of our North-British friends be offended with this frank and spontaneous declaration as derogatory to the delicacy of their fair countrywomen, or to the national character for caution. M. de Saint-Germain means nothing personal. Some of our readers may remember that the French heroine of his last tale, Mademoiselle Mignon, a very angel of purity and modesty, flings herself into her lover's arms with something of Lady Clare's impetuosity. M. de Saint-Germain's great merit, according to the critics, is that, though he is a French novelist, he is a highly "moral" writer. We presume that in his ethics of passion the means seem to justify the end. The altar being the goal of the attachments which he paints, he makes his heroines rush as quickly and directly as possible into a condition approved of by Heaven and ratified by the Church.

Upon the heels of their new-found happiness comes, of course, the terrible disclosure of "Alice the nurse." But here M. de Saint-Germain has departed from his Tennysonian original. Alice, the nurse, is not really the mother of Lady Clare, but only pretends to be such, and for a very improbable reason. There is a Mr. Norton, a spendthrift broken-down laird of those parts, who has played the rôle of Mr. Carden to Lady Clare's Miss Arbuthnot. He works upon Alice's fear of being turned away should the marriage with Lord Ronald take place, and persuades her to pretend that she is Lady Clare's real mother. So, as possessor of such a secret, she will, he tells her, be retained in influence and authority near the person of Lady Clare, after the marriage, which he himself privately thinks will be upset by the disclosure of the fictitious secret. The want of nature and probability in all this is too evident for comment, and for all genuine purposes of fiction the Poet Laureate's version is incontestably the more effective. Lady Clare forthwith believes her nurse's story, and resolves at once, without consulting anybody, to retire from Cumnor Hall into private life. She be-thinks her of a certain "Willie" of Dunstan, whom she has raised from poverty to the occupancy of a capital farm, and one of whose sons is in her service as page. With honest "Willie" and "Jeannie" his wife she will take temporary refuge. She summons her page, a very precocious young gentleman, who plays a great part in the story, and who rejoices in the name of "Gemmy," a form, we presume (and a very odd-looking one) of Jenmy—more properly Jamie. "Gemmy" procures a suit of his rustic sister's clothes; these Lady Clare dons, and with her faithful page she

proceeds to wend her way towards the farm of the honest "Willie." In a wood on the way they are accosted by the wicked Norton, who once more presses his suit, knowing that Lady Clare is really the owner of Cumnor Hall, and fancying that she will be the dupe of his apparent disinterestedness. He woos so violently, that her Ladyship is about to throw herself into a river, when her faithful page rescues her by a device new in the pages of modern fiction. The terrible Norton is standing in front of a tree. Out whisks "Gemmy" from his pocket a long string, which he uses in nutting; flings it round Norton and the tree; runs round both rapidly several times, until the villain is completely bound to the tree, when he proceeds at leisure to complete his ingenious ligatory imprisonment! The lady and the page continue their journey, taking "Maubray" en passant, where Lord Ronald shows himself faithful, but is now rejected (from motives of delicacy) by Lady Clare, whose noble conduct charms the old Squire into admiration and forgiveness. At last, arrived at honest Willie's, she falls ill of a brain fever; and before her recovery, Alice the nurse confesses the falsehood to Lord Ronald and Dr. Clark, her Ladyship's medical man. They get her transported in the height of her fever to her chamber in Cumnor Hall, and when she recovers they pretend that all she has done and said has been a dream. The volume closes with a touch eminently French. M. de Saint-Germain may be a "moral" writer, but he has notions of delicacy that scarcely conform to our English standard. It is the day before Lady Clare's marriage to Lord Ronald. She has still some doubts that the past was not all a dream, some fears that she is not the true Lady Clare. To finish her cure, Dr. Clark produces an old letter from her father to himself describing the infant heiress as bearing the mark of a lily just over her heart.

Clare read the letter twice with great attention. She looked at Ronald, and then she threw herself, blushing and weeping, into the arms of the Doctor.

Bravo! said the Doctor, laughing. Is the remedy already acting? You are cured, my dear lady! Medicine is a noble art.

"How," said Ronald, in great surprise, "will you explain?"

Lady Clare, whose lovely natural hue was returning to her countenance, advanced towards Ronald and abandoned her two hands to him.

"To-morrow," she said to him in a whisper.

So the curtain drops, and the English reader, half amused, half indignant, bethinks him of Tennyson's fine ballad, of the touching seriousness and delightful humour of dear old Miss Ferrier's "Inheritance." Certainly there are things which they do not "manage better in France."

ITALY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)
Restorations and Excavations. Fine Arts and the Academy of St. Luke. Journalism, the Opening of Winter.

ARRIVING in Rome on a morning towards the end of October, but bright and beautiful as any in June, I had not long basked in the sunshine on the Piazza del Popolo, before noticing animation more than usual even for a Sunday (which this happened to be), invariably the gayest of days in this city. Nor had I to wait long before learning on every side that a tombola (public lottery), to be drawn that evening in

the Villa Borghese, was the exciting cause. Immense was the concourse; but the almost unseasonable heat and fatigues of travel prevented me from knowing, except by hearsay, how some 20,000 spectators and speculators had disported themselves among the groves and lawns of that fair demesne, again thrown open to the public daily, and again overshadowed by woods of acacia, the luxuriant growth of the last few years, that have concealed every trace of revolutionary devastation. This occupation and delightedly-pursued gambling of the Roman populace during several hours, on the day of obligatory devotions, struck me as characteristic of the social temper in their city, where so much of official solemnity and lofty claims is blent with so many inconsequences, shortcomings, and deficiencies. But happy it is for these people that they are thus easily amused—"pleased with a feather, tickled by a straw"—and that their rulers have sagacity enough to see the advantage of providing them to their hearts' content with innocent excitements. For myself, on the evening alluded to I preferred a quiet walk to St. Peter's, where scarcely an individual appeared to disturb the silent solitude of these vast aisles, and I had opportunity for examining the new mosaics lately erected over the altar of SS. Simon and Jude—a colossal work, from a design that displays some power of grouping, its subject the healing of a mendicant cripple by intervention of the two Apostles, in a style of execution, as regards the mosaicist's performance, not to be surpassed.

Proceeding from the Vatican to the Forum, I have to notice the completion of a building intended to restore, but in reality nothing else than a deforming eyesore, my unqualified disapproval of which I have already expressed, and must now repeat—the portico dedicated to the twelve "Dii Consentes" and the "Schola Xanthia," or offices of the public notaries, rebuilt partly from fragments of the original, partly with new materials, so as now to present a colonnade of nine pillars with Corinthian capitals, three of whose shafts (which are fluted), five capitals, and considerable portions of an architrave with its inscription, being antique,—the rest modern, with unfuted shafts, not marble, but travertine. Behind these columns are the cells or chapels for the deities, the fronts of which have been repaired, but left quite plain, formed against the steeply shelving bank near the substructures of the Capitol; and below the platform on which the whole edifice rests is the series of small square chambers—also restored, though in fact little reparation was wanting to the original masonry—that served for the notaries' offices. Shut in between the massive walls of the Tabularium on one side, and the elevation of the road descending from the Capitol to the Forum on the other, the portico thus occupies the space of an obtuse angle, within which its colonnade, slanting towards a central point, describes another angle more obtuse. Such being the plan, a perfect restoration was obviously impossible, since the road and platform sloping towards the Forum are quite modern, and a limitation is given to the edifice necessitated by the modern, not the ancient, laying out of the ground, in reference to adjacent buildings. However near may be the approach to the classic original in this portico, the diminutiveness of scale and obvious newness of the whole (notwithstanding the employment of antique fragments) present most infelicitous contrast with the stately proportions and mellowed antiquity of the objects near—the Temples of Saturn and Vespasian, the Arch of Severus, &c. The restoration must offend every eye the least accustomed to dwell with pleasure on the majesty of ruin. One is disposed to compare the whole thing to an architectural toy among grand realities, and may wonder what idea could have possessed the worthy professor of archaeology, Visconti, in suggesting and directing this impertinent novelty on the most classic ground of antiquities in Europe.

The disincumbance of ground round the Pantheon, after the destruction of several paltry houses, has laid bare, on the side next the Piazza della Minerva, a considerable portion of its circular pile, formerly concealed, together with a series of structures in ancient brickwork, opening at regular distances into square niches, that seem to have formed a projecting lower story of ornamental character, flanking a road whose pavement is partly preserved on this side. The excavations on the Latin Way (two miles distant from Rome) have been progressing with results of great interest. One mausoleum, opened within the last few weeks, appears to have surpassed in scale and splendour all the others, that form a group of ruins beside the ancient way on this spot. Divided into two stories, the upper, level with the soil, presents only the basements of walls and mosaic pavements, for the most part of the simplest description, in regular cubes without design or colour, but on one surface, apparently the floor of the principal chamber, ornamented with the figures of two large dolphins, inlaid in darker marble; the lower, a subterranean story, opens into two chambers containing several sarcophagi of marble, with complicated groups in relief on the fronts of four, whose style is decidedly superior, representing subjects from the fables usually appropriated in mystic meaning to the sculptures of the tomb—Bacchus and Ariadne, Diana and Endymion, Meleager and the boar hunt. Another enormous sarcophagus, in the centre of a chamber, is

quite plain, and filled with bones, which may be seen when a taper is introduced through an aperture under the projection of the lid. But most beautiful are the painted arabesques and stucco reliefs that completely cover a widely-spanning vault in the larger of these two chambers. Single figures of deities, bacchantes, and mythologic groups, architectural fronts whose graceful details slightly raised from the surface are also coloured, are the more conspicuous among the subjects in relief. The arabesques, entwined borders, foliage, &c., where colour only is used, display peculiar grace of design and richness of fantasy. Many paintings, particularly some small landscapes with architecture, and indeed the generality of these graceful decorations, call to mind the Pompeian frescoes; but their character of execution struck me as superior to anything of the description I have seen in the disintegrated cities of Vesuvius; whilst the preservation of these sepulchral paintings and reliefs is scarcely less wonderful than that of the artistic relics in Pompeii or Herculaneum, every tint retaining a vividness, every sculptured outline a sharpness, as if time had passed without leaving one trace in these chambers of the dead.

The adjacent Basilica of St. Stephen, founded by Pope Leo I. in the fifth century, is now entirely laid open, but presenting no elevation except the basement of walls, with a considerable extent of pavement and fragments of colonnades, just sufficing to show the ground plan of the whole temple, and of the atrium through which it was entered. Of greater dimensions than the similarly-buried and lately-disinterred church of St. Alexander (on the Nomentan Way), it seems to have been less richly adorned with mosaics and marbles; but many peculiarities of internal arrangement here may throw new light upon, or supply new objects for, the studies of Christian archaeology. At St. Paul's there is also progress to be reported, much having been done towards the completion of the interior, though little on the exterior—nothing that the least modifies its character of colossal ugliness—since I last visited it. There it stands, still like an overgrown railway station or ambitious factory, but with such a blaze of splendour, such imposing masses of architecture, revealing themselves to the spectator on entrance, as to dazzle and astonish. During the summer have been finished fourteen large frescoes between the pilasters of the attic round the transepts, and commenced another series round the attics of the nave, three of which were exposed when I entered the Basilica a few days ago. Three of the transepts represent the story of St. Paul, from the stoning of St. Stephen to the departure of the Apostle for his place of martyrdom. They are mostly by Balbi and Gagliardi, two artists much employed by the Roman Government within late years. But as to effect, I can say little in favour of these frescoes, which are placed too high for the examining of those whose groupings at all complicated, and altogether produce an appearance too showy and secular, reminding of the museum or palatial gallery, so as to disturb the solemn harmony of massive splendours and antique characteristics around. On each side the steps leading to the high altar is being prepared a colossal statue, Saints Peter and Paul, one by Revelli, the other by Jacometti—for the modelling of which the artists are allowed to work in the clay on the spot, so that they will have the rare advantage of estimating effects and adapting to the location on the very ground where their statues are to remain permanently. For the sculptor's privacy, however, the spaces requisite are surrounded with wooden partitions, that prevent the curious from anticipating criticism. Lately has been completed, except in the details required for ritual use, the chapel adjoining the Basilica of St. Agnes (on the Nomentan Way), intended as a monument on the site where Pius IX., with several dignitaries, ecclesiastical students, and other guests, after an entertainment at the monastery here, escaped, a few years since, from an accident that might have been fatal to many lives. The principal wall of this building is occupied by a large fresco representing the catastrophe, caused by the falling in of the floor, that precipitated the whole party from an upper room to the level now covered by the pavement of ground to be consecrated. Scarcely could be imagined a subject more unsuited to painting, or more difficult to treat without imparting something of the ludicrous; but the artist commissioned by his Holiness, Tojetti, has made the best of it. Above appears the Madonna, to whom St. Agnes, with her lamb, is kneeling for intercession; and behind the figure of the Pope, who is just rising from the chair that fell under him, is St. Peter floating in air, whilst visibly supporting the person of his crowned successor. All the figures introduced in the confused grouping, amidst falling beams and crushing furniture, are portraits; and Cardinal Antonelli and the French General, among others, may at once be recognised.

The Campana Museum, which had been divided into three sections, and for a time made public, with admission by paid tickets, is no longer accessible; but a general catalogue has been prepared with carefulness, in one portion, written by a German archaeologist connected with the Institute in the capital, and altogether a valuable assistance to the student. What may be the ultimate destination of this collection—whether it may be appropriated by authority for the Vatican, or allowed to be exported—and what potentate or private individual is likely to purchase it, are ques-

tions that still occupy the talkative idlers so numerous here. Sir Charles Eastlake, who lately left Rome, inspected the pictures, and, I understand, pronounced an opinion of the great inequality of value in the contents of that compartment. From these and other objects I hear that an Italian virtuoso of distinction has proposed to form a Museum of Renaissance Art, taking that period not from the more recent date commonly assigned, but from the time when Byzantine influences first began to manifest themselves in the Italian school. The Archduchess Olga is said to have offered a larger sum for the Etruscan compartment than any other competitor yet known of. Meantime the unfortunate Marquis has already experienced clemency so far as to be exempted from the more degrading circumstances of his punishment as implied in the sentence, having never been put to forced labours with the felons in the same prison, nor in other respects treated as of the same class; and I have just heard that he will presently be removed to a convent on the Aventine, there to undergo an imprisonment milder, more honourable, and perhaps less prolonged, than was imported in the sentence. On the festival of St. Luke the gallery of the academy called after that Apostle was thrown open, and crowded throughout the day. Its lower suite of rooms contains a multitude of works by academicians *premiati* at intervals reaching to a date as far back as thirty years, but many in 1856-7; oil paintings, drawings, architectonic designs, and casts from single figures or groups, mostly illustrating sacred or antique Roman history, forming thus a record of the progress of art in Rome during recent years that will probably disappoint all whose expectations have been the least exalted in respect to the schools of modern Italy. A collection of medals presented to the Academy by Sovereigns contains, among Popes and Emperors, a large gold coin of Victoria. In the principal gallery, above the modern exhibition, are paintings by artists of all nations and dates subsequent to the sixteenth century: Raphael's St. Luke painting the Virgin, a Madonna and Child of Vandyck, a few Titians and Claudes, with one English picture, the sole contribution from our country at all distinguished—Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's hat in Westminster Abbey, by Harlow, with the date 1818, a picture that universally attracts attention by its brilliant colouring and dramatic effect. The chamber, filled with portraits of academicians of all countries, including several ladies, is interesting; and a series of small groups in terra cotta, offered in competition for prizes, are the most pleasing works in the sculpture department.

Since the French occupation the improvements of Rome in regard to shops, cafés, and new buildings sprung up in various directions, has been noticeable, but never more so, as it struck me on my return after months of absence, than during the present year. All precedents are surpassed by the brilliancy of the new establishments for sale of ornamental objects, cameos, mosaics, and *pietra dura*, whilst in the windows on the Corso the evidences and supplies of female luxury have conspicuously increased. Three theatres are now open—an Opera that can scarcely support itself against the weight of public dissatisfaction, and national drama at the Valle, where is performing an actress new to this stage, named Anna Pedretti, who takes about the same walk of characters as Ristori, sustaining tragic and pathetic parts with much sensibility, a finely-marked delivery, and vigorous physique. Prince Torlonia is rebuilding another theatre, seldom open in late years, the Aliberti, which it is expected will become the finest among the other very shabby and neglected houses in Rome. Two new journals have appeared during the summer, both dedicated to the miscellanies of dramatic, belles lettres, and artistic intelligence—one more specially aiming at the comic character and adorned with woodcuts, calling itself the *Varietà Illustrata*; the other, of more solidity and higher claims, *Il Filodrammatico*, appearing as the organ of the Philodrammatic Society, which has for many years been kept up by amateurs, under the proprietorship of a wealthy nobleman. Signor Conti, the editor and principal writer of the last-named, is a young man of taste and talent, who seems energetically to devote himself to his task. Since the latter days of October the winter has advanced upon Rome with strides so rapid as to astonish all citizens; hail and snow have descended, and King Frost seems determined to establish his dominion on this side the Alps. The more distant mountains are already covered with snow; but I have not yet been able, either in this or any past winter, to confirm the poet's testimony:

Vides ut alta stat nive candidum
Soracte.

P.S. On the opening of the Sapienza University last week, was commenced a series of lectures from a Cathedra newly established by the Pope, for Rational Philosophy, and to which was appointed by the same authority the distinguished theologian of the Jesuit Society, Father Passaglia. It is said that some discordances of opinion or tendency had led to the abandonment of his chair at the Roman College by this learned Professor, and his first appearance as a lecturer in another arena excited a sensation evident from the unusual thronging of the University on this occasion, when many had to leave for want of room in the lecture-hall.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE meteorological report of the Registrar-General for the last week, gives the following results:—The mean reading of the barometer was 30.115 inches, which is higher than the average of the previous eighteen years. The mean temperature of the week was 36.5 deg., being 4.2 deg. below the average of the same week in forty-three years. The highest point in the shade was 49.2 deg., on Sunday; the lowest 30.3 deg., on Tuesday. The daily range of the temperature has been small, viz., 6.8 deg. The mean degree of humidity of the air was 92; on the Monday, however, it was 100, which represents complete saturation. The air was generally calm, the sky uniformly overcast for six days, but scarcely any rain.

The meteorological return for the eight principal towns in Scotland for the month of November shows that the average barometric pressure, reduced to the sea level and to 32 deg. Fahr., was 29.981 inches, the range for the month being no less than 1.830 inches. The mean temperature was 40.2 deg., being as much as 5 deg. below the mean temperature of November last year. The mean daily range was 10.7 deg. The highest temperature was 56 deg. on the 26th and 28th, and the lowest 16 deg. on the 21st. The mean degree of humidity was 83. Rain and snow fell on 9 days, the mean fall being 2.15 inches. The wind was easterly on 10 days, and westerly 12 days. Ozone was scarcely observed during the month.

The Times gives an interesting account of the working of the electric telegraph, in transmitting a report of the proceedings at Manchester, on Friday the 12th instant. The first portion was dispatched from the telegraph office at 10.55 Friday night, and the last at 1.25 on Saturday morning, thus occupying only two hours and a half in the transmission, every word passing over nearly 200 miles of wire; the average speed was twenty-nine words per minute, although thirty-nine words per minute had been obtained. Four printing instruments and one needle were engaged. It is added that the report was transmitted entirely by girls.

A sum of 100l. has been placed at the disposal of the Council of the Society of Arts by Sir Walter Trevelyan, to be awarded as a prize for an essay on Marine Algae as applicable to food, medicine, and industrial purposes.

At the Manchester Geological Society, on Tuesday last, Mr. Binney read a paper, the object of which was to show that the Sigmæria, instead of being, as commonly supposed, a distinct plant, was the root of the Sigillaria found in coal and coal floors. The roots sometimes ran along for a distance of 30 feet, striking into the floor of the coal bed, and the rootlets were six or seven or even ten feet long. It must have been a quick-growing plant.

In the report of the annual meeting of the Glasgow Royal Botanic Institution, among the objects of interest mentioned was made of the Rhododendron Dalhousiae, named in honour of Lady Dalhousie, which was discovered by Dr. Hooker among the Himalayan mountains, and is considered the finest specimen yet known. Also of the Rhododendron Cinnamomum, from the mountains of Nepal. One of these had been planted in the open air in 1853, and had withstood the severe frosts of 1855 and 1856. The experiments showed that the variety was not too tender for the climate of this country. The flowering of the Victoria Regia had been attended with success this year. The first bloom appeared on July 27th, and since then it had bloomed on eighty-four occasions; six or seven of the leaves at the time of blooming were 6 feet 6 inches in diameter.

The Panjab Railway was commenced on October 25th. The importance of this section of the Indian railways will be apparent, when it is understood that the population of Lahore is 94,000, and of Umritsir 122,000; the trade of the latter place being estimated at 3,500,000l. per annum.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.—The planet Saturn rose on the 11th inst. at 8 minutes past 8 p. m., on the 21st at 26 minutes past 7, and on the 31st at 35 minutes past 6. On the 22d an occultation of this planet by the moon will take place, with the curious circumstance that the immersion will commence from the dark side of the moon, so that the planet will seem to disappear from the heavens without any visible cause. The occultation will commence at 20 minutes past 9; some of the satellites will be the first to be eclipsed, and then a portion of the ring. The passage will last 45 minutes. Venus will, on the 13th, be in inferior conjunction with Mercury, and from that date the former will only be visible early in the morning. The sun will enter Sagittarius on the 17th, and will touch the tropic of Capricorn on the 22nd, at 21 minutes past 2 a. m., the exact time of the winter solstice. Jupiter is now visible close

to the horns of Taurus, and is extremely brilliant. In the same constellation we also find Uranus, which will cross the meridian to-night at 33 minutes past 10, and again on the 21st, at 52 minutes past 9 p. m. Neptune is also visible at present in the constellation of Pisces, near the tail of Cetus, or the whale; its next passage through the meridian will occur on the 1st of January next, at half past 4 p. m.

MEETINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Dec. 14, Joseph Locke, Esq., M.P., President in the chair. The report of the Council for the past session, which was read at this, the Annual General Meeting, commenced by regretting that there had not been a general resumption of works of public utility and of private enterprise in the United Kingdom; a large proportion of the professional engagements being still in foreign countries, or in the British colonies. In India the suspended works upon the different railways had been resumed, and it was fair to conclude would now be pushed forward with vigour. On the Continent but little progress had been made, except in the construction of branch lines. The various Spanish railways in operation, or in progress of construction, were then noticed; and it was stated that in Austria the Lombardo-Venetian Company, under the able direction of M. Paulin Talabot, had united the majority of the principal lines, with a view to the ultimate formation of one comprehensive system, which would be one of the most considerable in Europe, as it would consist of nearly 1900 miles of railway, connecting Austria, Hungary, and Southern Germany with Trieste and Italy, and extending in an unbroken line from Vienna to Milan, and from the Bavarian frontier to Florence. In Piedmont, where railways were so early introduced, but little had been done for some time past, beyond completing to the foot of the mountains, on either side, the Victor Emmanuel line, and commencing the Herculean task of tunnelling through the Alps. In Portugal arrangements had been made for the immediate construction of a main line from Lisbon, through Coimbra to Oporto. In Russia, the engineers of the Crédit Mobilier of France were pushing forward the vast network of lines comprehended within their scheme. In the East, the Ottoman railway between Smyrna and Aden was being vigorously proceeded with; whilst the line from Cairo to Suez had just been completed by M. Monchelet. In the Southern Hemisphere, the colony of Victoria might be referred to, as making great advances in engineering works. Undertakings of considerable magnitude had been designed, some were in progress, and a few were completed. The Yan Yean Water-works, for supplying the town of Melbourne, were finished; the water was collected in artificial reservoirs, and was conveyed through a system of pipes, 40 miles in length, to the town. The deep water piers and slips, at Williams-town, were in an advanced state of completion, and would be useful auxiliaries to the commercial marine resorting to Hobson's Bay. The system of macadamised roads, leading from Melbourne to Maryborough, Sandhurst, Castlemaine, Ballarat, and other important places, had been completed. In reference to telegraph matters, it was stated that the attempt to lay the cable between Candia and Alexandria had, for the present, proved abortive, in consequence of a severe gale, which rendered it necessary to cut the cable, and to buoy it, when 228 miles had been paid out, in a depth of 1400 fathoms. Candia, Syra, Chio, and Cape Hellas were, however, successfully connected by submarine cables, under the superintendence of Mr. Liddell. The Channel Islands were now put into telegraphic communication with the English coast, by means of cables laid, by Messrs. Newall and Co., from Portland to Alderney, and thence to Guernsey and to Jersey. At home, an important feature in the railway extensions in the vicinity of the Metropolis was the Victoria Station, Grosvenor Basin, Pimlico, under Mr. Fowler (M. Inst. C.E.). The works, including a bridge across the Thames, consisting of four arched spans of wrought iron of 175 feet each, were now in progress. One of the important hydraulic innovations of the past year had been the new mode of lifting ships, introduced by Mr. Edwin Clark (M. Inst. C.E.), and which had been successfully applied at the Victoria (London) Docks. In supplying towns with water, the only important work of the past year was the South Staffordshire Water-works. The object of this undertaking was to supply the towns and districts of Lichfield, Walsall, Wednesbury, West-bromwich, Tipton, and Dudley, where hitherto there had been a serious dearth of good water. The statement of the receipts and expenditure showed an increase of receipts and a diminished expenditure, and that there was a balance of upwards of 1000l. in the hands of the Treasurer. The financial position was in every respect so satisfactory, that the Council intended to apply a portion of the surplus funds to the improvement and extension of the library. After the reading of the report, Telford Medals were presented to Messrs. J. A. Longridge, G. Robertson, J. Henderson, R. J. Hood, Major-General G. B. Tremerehere, and A. S. Gilles; Watt Medals to Messrs. G. L. Molesworth and T. S. Sawyer; Connell Premiums of Books to Messrs. C. H. Brooks, F. C. Webb, S. A. Varley, R. C. Despard, A. Wright, and J. Brunceles; and the Manby Premium, in Books, to Mr. G. L. Molesworth. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the several offices on the Council for the ensuing year:—Joseph Locke, M.P., President; G. P. Bidder, I.K. Brunel, J. Hawkshaw, and J. R. M'Clean, Vice-Presidents; W. G. Armstrong, J. Cubitt, J. E. Errington, J. Fowler, C. H. Gregory, T. E. Harrison, T. Hawkley, G. W. Hemans, J. S. Russell, and J. Whitworth, Members; and J. A. Ransome and A. Slate, Associates.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 15, Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., in the chair. The paper read was, "On the Modifications which the Ships of the Royal Navy have undergone during the present Century in respect of Dimensions, Form, Means of Propulsion, and Powers of Attack and Defence," by Mr. E. J. Reed. The author began by observing that the science of naval architecture was so greatly advanced on the Continent, and so much neglected in England during the last century, that the forms, dimensions, and speed of the ships of the British navy were for the most part inferior to those of every other nation

with which they had to cope; indeed, the only mode of improvement which the naval authorities of that period countenanced, was that of imitating the forms of such captured vessels as were deemed superior to our own. The tendency then was greatly to overburden vessels, and this was one of the greatest difficulties with which our naval commanders had to contend. Mr. Reed touched upon the causes of some of our naval disasters during the American war, and then passed to the improvement in construction introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, whom he thought deserving of much credit. The unfavourable influence exercised, in Mr. Reed's opinion, by Sir William Symonds, while surveyor of the navy, was then pointed out; his opposition to the use of the screw propeller, now so universally adopted, having considerably retarded our naval progress. The introduction of iron for ships of war had been in the author's opinion rashly conducted, for in 1843 the Admiralty had commenced building iron ships, and in three years built and purchased eighteen such vessels at a cost of about 650,000l. This material, however, had been found to possess many disadvantages. The effect of shot upon it had been found to be most destructive, and the bottoms of ships built of it were found to get rapidly foul. The author then passed on to describe the state of the navy during the late Russian war, and maintained that the spectacle of one Russian fleet sunk by Russian hands at Sebastopol, and of another trembling behind stone fortresses in the shallow waters of Cronstadt, was one the record of which we certainly might read without shame. He then gave a rapid review of the present state of our navy, and expressed his opinion that floating batteries had met with undeserved condemnation. The subject of the steam-ram, which had attracted considerable public attention, was then discussed, the author's opinion being that it would be found to be unwieldy in its character that ships would have no difficulty in avoiding collision with it.—A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Macintosh, Admiral Sir Geo. Sartorius, W. Hawes, Esq., General Sir Charles Shaw, James Nasmyth, Captain Fishbourne, the Chairman, and others, took part.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Dec. 1, Prof. J. Phillips, President, in the chair. The Rev. John Anderson, Newburgh, Fife; J. D. Smith, Esq., M.D., London; Funjáb; Samuel Lang, Esq., Hordle House, Lynton, Hants; James Clark, Park-road, Dulston; Walter Ballock Durrant Mantell, Esq., New Zealand; George Dixon, Esq., C.E., Whitehaven; John Augustus Tulk, Esq., Whitehaven; Major-General Emmett, R.E., M.R.I.; Henry T. Plews, Esq., Bedale, Yorkshire; The Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird, of Rossie Priory, Scotland, and Grosvenor-square, London; and Capt. Godwin-Austen, H.M. 24th Regiment, were elected Fellows. The following communication was read: "On the Geological Structure of the North of Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Islands." Part II. By Sir R. I. Murchison, F.R.S., V.P.G.S. In a paper read during the last session the author described the general succession of rocks in the Northern Highlands, as observed by Mr. Peach and himself, aided by the researches of some other geologists. The rocks were described in their ascending order; as, first, a fundamental gneiss traversed by granite veins at Cape Wrath; secondly, a red or chocolate-coloured sandstone and conglomerate of great thickness, and regarded by the author as of Cambrian age; thirdly, succeeding unconformably, is a series of quartzite, with intercalated limestone, both of them often highly crystalline; from the limestone Mr. C. Peach had succeeded in obtaining, "near Durness," several fossils, shown to be of Lower Silurian age; fourthly, micaceous schists and flagstones occupying a wide extent of country to the east of Loch Erriboll, described as being of younger age than the foregoing, and older than the old red sandstone series which occupies the north-eastern Highlands and a great portion of the eastern coast of Scotland; fifthly, the old red series, arranged by the author into three divisions, the middle being the Cairnness flags. In the past autumn Sir Roderick, feeling that several points required stricter examination, revisited the country already described, extending his researches both east and west, and to the most northerly point of the Shetlands. In this tour he not only confirmed his views previously announced with regard to the succession of the older rocks, but examined the structure of the Orkneys and Shetlands, more clearly defining the relations and physical characters of the beds there composing the old red series. The principal points dwelt upon in this paper were—1. The evidence obtained at various points, that the Lower Silurian limestone is intercalated in quartz rock (east of Loch Erriboll, Assynt, &c.). 2. That the Durness limestone lies in a basin supported by quartz rock on the east as well as on the west. 3. That certain igneous rocks, connected with the Durness trough, are protruded near Sme, which had not before been noticed. 4. On this occasion corroborative evidence was adduced of the conformable superposition of the micaceous schists or gneissose flagstones to the quartzite series—the succession being visible at intervals in all the intermediate country between Loch Erriboll and Ledmore, and the passage upwards from the quartzites and their associated limestones to the schists and micaceous flags being both clear and persistent, with some local interruptions only of igneous rocks. 5. That the protrusion of porphyry, hypersthene, greenstone, &c., is not peculiar to any one line, but occurs in the purple or Cambrian sandstone, in the overlying Silurian limestone of Durness, and again in the still higher micaceous flagstones; and that the latter, when intruded upon by granite, much resemble the old gneiss. 6. With regard to the old red series of the east coast, Sir Roderick pointed out the extension of the middle set of deposits, namely, the Cairnness flags—their great thickness in Cairnness compared with their development in the south—and their range over the Orkneys into the Shetlands, where they also thin out, putting on a somewhat different lithological character, and where the old red series is chiefly represented by sandstones, the upper part containing plants. He dwelt upon the great value of the Cairnness flags as paving-stones, their extraordinary durability being due to a certain admixture of lime and bitumen (the latter derived from fossil fishes) with silica and alumina, whilst in some parts they contain bitumen enough to render them of economic value. The author next pointed out the passage of the Cairnness flags upwards into light-coloured sandstones, which eventually form the great headlands of Dunnet and Hoy, where such overlying sandstones cannot be of less thickness than 1200 to 1500 feet. With regard to the micaceous rocks of

the north-east of Scotland and the Shetland Isles, they are, according to the author, portions of the series which is younger than the fossiliferous Lower Silurian rocks of the west of Sutherland—the so-called gneiss of the Sutors of Cromarty belonging, in Sir Roderick's opinion, to the micaceous flag series of Eastern Ross-shire; and the gneissic rock extending southwards to Flowerburn, Kinordy, and Rosemarkie, near Fortrose, is regarded by him as a member of that series, altered by the intrusion of granitic and felspathic rocks. The paper was illustrated by a large series of rocks and fossils collected during the author's last tour, and by geological maps and coloured views and sections.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A crowded meeting of this society was held on Monday evening, at Burlington House; Sir Roderick I. Marchmont, President, in the chair. Among those present were the Earl of Stanhope, Sir Thomas Fremantle, Sir Francis H. Doyle, Sir Justin Shell; Generals Pollock, Alexander, and Phillips; Admiral Gordon, Mr. Stuart Wortley, M.P., Mr. Locke, M.P.; the President of the College of Physicians; Messrs. Squier, Stevens, and Drake, of the United States; Lieutenant Usov, of the Russian Imperial Guard; Mr. Alderman Rose, Count Strzelecki, Colonels Gawler and Everest; Captains Collinson, Drury, Gardner, Hall, Nolloth, Phillimore, Robinson, Stopford, Vansittart, and Wilson, R.N.; Commander Burstall; Drs. Bernays, Camps, Dobie, Granville, Kinkel, Lee, Packman, and Truman; Captains Herd and Sydney Webb; Messrs. Otway, Staveley, Brooking, Charles White, Osborne Smith, Hamilton, Murray, Arrowsmith, Cocks, Findlay, Le Breton, Crawford, Phelps, Gilchrist, &c. Elections: Colonel J. A. Hazellus, Chief of the Topographical Corps of Sweden, as a Corresponding Member; Captain C. Cornwallis Chesney, R.E., Captain E. Monckton Jones, Rev. William J. Ellis, M.A., James Allan, Henry Blackett, Henry Collinson, William Davies, Pascoe St. Ieger Grenfell, Charles Lowell, Francis Lyne, A. Henderson MacDonnell, J. Sydney Stopford, and J. J. W. Watson, Esqrs., were elected Fellows. Exhibitions: A large panoramic view of Chicago, United States, presented by Charles White, Esq., F.R.G.S.; Ordnance map of Scotland, sheet No. 32, showing the altitude of zones, prepared under the direction of Colonel H. James, R.E., F.R.G.S.; Atlas of the Alps, by J. G. Mayr; Geological Atlas, by Dr. J. R. Lorenz; and Japanese Chart and Plan of Nagasaki, were exhibited to the meeting. The papers read were:—1. "Notes on the River Amur and the adjacent districts," by M.M. Peschurof, Vesilief, Radde, Ussoltzof, Farachetfki, &c. This paper, adopting the itinerary of M. Perminin, who descended the river in 1854, incorporates with it the observations of Peschurof and others, thus affording a comprehensive description of its course and the adjacent banks, and embraces, in fact, the substance of several communications from the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg. This most extensive river, described as the most important in Northern Asia, forming the boundary between the Chinese and Russian empires, presents the only direct highway of nature that immediately connects the Central Steppes of Asia with the rest of the world, and drains an immense extent of country, carrying off nearly all the waters of the slopes on which the great desert Gobi, or Shamo, terminates towards the east, and, after receiving a number of navigable rivers, ends a winding course of 2280 miles in the Gulf of Tartary. The boundary dispute was settled in 1728. The terms of the treaty were dictated to the Russian envoys at Nerchinsk on the Shilka, and the Valley of the Amur ceded to the Tartar dynasty, in whose possession it remained until recently, when the Russians, availing themselves of steam navigation, have entered again upon the occupation of the river, and established posts not only on both banks, but also in harbours in the sea-board of the Gulf of Tartary. Besides the natural advantages of this vast increase of territory, abounding in mineral wealth, clothed with magnificent timber, and affording millions of acres of arable and pasture land, alluvial communication is all but established between the Baltic and the Pacific. After describing the features and climate of the country, the principal rivers and towns, it is stated that the opening up of a regular communication along the Amur, and a more minute acquaintance with its estuary, by which vessels enter it from the Pacific and the Sea of Ohotsk, have rapidly and totally changed the condition of those regions. All necessities are now brought from the Trans-Baikal provinces and from the United States of America, at prices sufficiently moderate; cotton, woollen, silk stuffs, and various commodities being obtained from America in such quantity, that a superfluity of wares imported into Nikolaevsk led to the first exchange of merchandise between Russian and American merchants. The population of the Amur, distributed irregularly over its immense extent, consists of as many as ten settled, semi-settled, and nomadic tribes. The paper contains observations on the commerce, ethnology, and a variety of other topics relating to the regions under review.—2. "Explorations in Ecuador, 1857-58." By G. J. Pritchett, Esq. The author commenced by stating that the interest recently excited towards the Republic of Ecuador, by the adjudication of more than four millions of acres of land to its foreign creditors, makes data acquired during a residence of two years in that country very acceptable. Ecuador is situated on the west coast of South America, between two degrees north and five degrees south latitude, and is bounded on the north by New Grenada, on the east by Brazil, on the south by Peru, and on the west by the Pacific. The country is naturally sectioned by two parallel chains of the Andes, which traverse it from north to south. The centre division being more elevated, though under the equator, is very healthy and not oppressively hot, and the author considers the natural resources of the country, both mineral and vegetable, more promising than those of Peru or Brazil. The two other divisions on the east and west are almost entirely covered by dense and luxuriant forests. Situated on the river Guayas is Guayaquil, the principal port. The soil of Ecuador is stated to be eminently adapted to the growth of cotton. The difficulty of penetrating the dense forests and mountainous country between the shores of the Pacific and the fertile districts is at present so great as to render it almost impracticable to convey merchandise to the large towns situated on the higher lands. The author is of opinion that Quito, the capital, can be more easily reached by navigation up the Amazon than across the 200 or 300 miles of country from Guayaquil. That river is navigable for 3000 miles, to a point nearer to Quito than Guayaquil. The author describes the country in general to be remarkably fertile, and concludes by remarking, that although gold and rich ores of silver and copper exist, the time has not yet arrived to systematically engage in mining operations.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, Dec. 20.—Medical, 8.
Tuesday, 21.—Statistical, 8. I. Mr. Fox, "On the Vital Statistics of the Society of Friends." II. Mr. Dawson, "On a Method of Relieving the Density of Town Population."—Civil Engineers, 8. Discussion upon Mr. Scott's paper, "Description of a Breakwater at the Port of Blyth, &c."—Pathological, 8.
Wednesday, 22.—London Institution, 3. Mr. T. Rymer Jones, "On the Natural History of the Vertebrate Division of the Animal Kingdom."—Society of Arts, 8. Mr. Leonard Wray, "On Cotton Culture and Preparation in the United States."—Microscopical, 8.
Thursday, 23.—London Institution, 7. Dr. S. Frankland, "On the Air and Water of Towns."—Numismatic, 7.—Antiquaries, 8.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

THE Essex archaeologists held a meeting as near as they could consistently arrive to the great metropolis, on Thursday, December 3, in the hall of the Eastern Counties Railway and Mechanics' Institution. The evening was most appropriately devoted to a series of papers illustrative of the locality and its neighbourhood. They all had the merit of being clear and concise—qualities much more rare to obtain than wordy narrations. The room had an agreeable effect, as it was hung with a series of brasses, drawings of Roman antiquities discovered at Colchester, many pictures of ancient buildings in Essex, and a series of antiquities of a very varied kind, beginning with fragments from Carthage, and ending with personal relics of the last century. In the absence of the noble president, Lord Braybrooke (we are getting quite used to absence of noble presidents now), the chair was taken by the Rector of Woodham, the Rev. Guy Bryan, a gentleman whose name is full of archaeological associations. The Vicar of West Ham, the Rev. A. G. Ram, read the first paper, on the early history of Stratford and the surrounding villages; of much interest for the curious details it gave of the lonely, insecure, and dangerous character of the locality. Though the only highway to London from the east, it was occasionally impassable in winter, the lazy streams flooding the marsh land, and life and property falling a frequent sacrifice. That branch of the Lea known as the Channelsea river was pointed out as one of those cut by Alfred, to strand the Danish ships laid up in winter quarters; and the old Green Lane, in Stratford, as the probable locality of the ambush of the Earl Marshal Mowbray, at the order of Richard the Second, to entrap his uncle, the good Duke of Gloucester, who had been enticed with some six servants from his castle at Pleshy, by the King himself, who led him a lonely road to London, and deserted him at this lane; down which he was dragged to the Thames, placed in a ship, carried to Calais, and there murdered. This paper was followed by Mr. H. W. King's account of Bow-bridge, the first stone bridge erected in England, and which was illustrated by drawings and a capital model. It was erected by Matilda, queen of Henry I., in consequence of the difficulty and danger of crossing the streams in time of flood, and to which she had nearly fallen a sacrifice on one occasion. It was built where the modern bridge stands, about a mile from Old Ford, and a raised causeway went over the marsh. It is a remarkable fact that almost from the day of its erection its preservation and repair have been a constant source of litigation, no one being especially bound to do it, and no revenue being awarded for the purpose. The Abbey of West Ham was founded by the same queen, in gratitude for the drowning she escaped; and a detailed history of it was given by Mr. Clutterbuck in a well-digested paper, which was followed by another on East Ham Church by Mr. King, who, having incidentally alluded to the burial-place of the eminent antiquary Dr. Stukeley in its churchyard, with no monument or mark by his own request, the Vicar, Mr. Streetfield, forwarded a note to say the spot might be identified as next to the grave of his friend Dr. Owen, who had an inscription, and beside whom Stukeley desired to rest. The Rev. W. Field exhibited the results of discoveries made within the last fortnight at North Ockenden, Essex. They were fragments, urns, bones, &c., indicating an early interment, apparently of the Roman era, and were exhumed from a deep black soil. With them was found a portion of a quern or handmill, made of the igneous rock from the neighbourhood of Andernach on the Rhine—the spot from whence the Romans constantly brought their grindstones, and where, at the present day, a large trade in the same things is carried on. The Rev. E. L. Cutts, the honorary secretary, concluded the meeting by an announcement that the annual congress would be held at Saffron Walden; but that a preliminary one would probably be held at Barking. He also took occasion to remark on the probable fate of the walls of Dax in the South of France, and their interest in illustration of our own remains, as at Colchester and elsewhere; and that the weight of the opinions of antiquaries generally might induce the Minister of the Interior to save them from destruction.

We may here recur to this act of Vandalism in France, as we were among the first to describe and denounce it, particularly as we find that, after some mischief has been done, more has been prevented,

"and the walls are to be saved, by command of the Emperor himself, on the petition of the French Archaeological Society;" so says the *Courrier de la Gironde*. Now, whether the recent representations to the French Government through the Duke of Malakoff, and the direct application to the Emperor by the Abbé Cochet, both urged by Mr. Roach Smith, or the great publicity recently given to the matter both in France and England by means of the press, induced the *Société Française d'Archéologie* to petition the Emperor, we cannot say; but it is very clear that the destruction of the walls was rapidly proceeding when Mr. Roach Smith visited Dax early in October last, and that all the societies (including the great national comité for the preservation of French monuments) were perfectly quiescent. Even two or three years ago, when M. de Caumont and M. Leo Drouyn failed to induce the Minister of the Interior to save the walls, the French Society of Archaeology does not appear by its bulletin or by any other record to have stirred in the matter. We must therefore protest against this assumption of the salvation of the walls of Dax being due to any society, although no doubt it is pleasing and profitable to such fraternities to step in, as they often do, and take the credit due to individual exertion. The *Pilote de la Somme*, and the *Abbeilles* as well as the *Indépendance Belge*, frankly said, a short time since, that if the walls were saved, it would be entirely owing to the exertions of our countryman.

M. François Lenormant has issued another pamphlet relative to the alleged discoveries made by himself and his father at the Chapelle St-Eloi, which a committee of the people of Evreux in printed reports have twice pronounced to be forgeries. M. Lenormant, sen. first produced the antiquities at a meeting of the Institut, and through that body they were published to the world. It seems, therefore, but reasonable to expect the Institut should itself take some steps to justify its reception of the discovery, after the suspicions cast upon its truth; but it remains passive. Grimm and Kemble have, it seems, pronounced the Runic inscriptions to be forgeries. M. F. Lenormant lays much stress on the Latin ones upon fragments of tiles. We believe that in our own country antiquaries could be found who would readily determine the question. M. Lenormant is, we believe, a distinguished member of the Institut. The discovery purported to be made in the ruins of a Christian Baptistery, constructed from the debris of a Roman building in a secluded spot near the Roman road from Paris to Lillebonne, between Evreux and Lisieux. Seventy-four inscriptions, mostly scratched upon Roman tiles, were affirmed to have been found here, many in Runic characters, but all connected with the earliest Christianised sovereigns of France.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE *Illustrated London News* says:—Edward Hodges Baily, the favourite pupil of the illustrious Flaxman, and the sculptor of one of the most poetic groups in English art, "Eve at the Fountain," has retired from the art he advanced—not too well off, we are sorry to hear—fuller of honour than of riches. His last work was the model for the St. Paul's statue of Mr. Ruskin's Turner. But the Turner statue was given to Mr. MacDowell, a younger sculptor, but one eminent in his art; and Mr. Baily has handsomely drawn his retiring mantle around him. He will be heard of hereafter as a master in his line.

Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall, the last of the London print publishers, is about to erect a monument over the grave of Sir Robert Strange, the great engraver, in the Church of St. Paul, Covent-garden. This is in excellent taste. It was Mr. Graves who gave to the National Gallery, as many of our readers will recollect, the characteristic portrait of John Hall, another fine English engraver, in his way almost as good as Strange.

The Government proposes to make grants towards the erection of buildings for schools of art. The Committee of Council say: "Notwithstanding the difficulties that have attended the finding of suitable premises for schools of art, the larger number of schools which have spread themselves throughout the country affords a proof that they are not merely of an ephemeral character, but are taking root and becoming useful and popular institutions; and the time seems to have arrived when it will be sound public policy to place them upon a more permanent basis. My Lords consider that this end will be best attained by extending to schools of art the principle of grants for buildings, which has proved of such great importance in promoting primary education. They therefore propose to apply to Parliament for an annual grant, to be expended in encouraging local efforts to provide suitable schools of art where the instruction may be carried on efficiently, and public taste cultivated. Such buildings should be free from rent, and the fees for instruction be made applicable to the payment of the masters.

A number of modern pictures belonging to Messrs. Hooper and Wass were sold on Wednesday by Messrs. Foster, of Pall-mall. The principal lots were the

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following:—"Wild Duck, Pomegranates," &c., a water-colour drawing, by Lane, 52 gs.; "The Cymbal Player," by W. Etty, R.A., 49 gs.; "The Fisherman's Dog" in a landscape, with piscatorial accessories, by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., 23 gs.; "Ariadne," by D. Maclise, R.A., 118 gs.; "Rebecca," by J. R. Herbert, R.A., 31 gs.; "Twilight," by W. Müller, 40 gs.; "The Early Lesson," by Thos. Faed, 127 gs.; "The Rest by the Way," by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 72 gs.; "Fruits and Flowers," by T. Greenland, 81 gs.; "Ruins of Elgin Cathedral, Morayshire, N.B.," by D. Roberts, R.A., 106 gs.; "The Village Choir," by T. Webster, R.A., 50 gs.; "Hampton Court in the Time of Charles I.," by F. Goodall, A.R.A., 310 gs.; "London from Greenwich Park," by T. B. Pyne, 71 gs.; and "Wild Flowers," by C. Baxter, 41 gs. This day's sale, which included some other works belonging to other parties, realised 2881l.

A correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* supplies the following hints to Art Union subscribers:—"1. Elect your own executive, instead of allowing them to elect themselves. 2. Select for yourselves all works intended for general distribution, by election; this open competition would offer fair encouragement to the artists and afford an excellent opportunity for exercising the taste of the subscribers. This could not lead to worse selections than 'Una' entering somewhere, 'The Convalescent' from somewhere else, and similar specimens of 'high art,' which have been inflicted on the unoffending subscribers by the 'council,' who ostentatiously presume to guide and improve the public taste. 3. Irresponsible rulers are not known in England in other matters, and should not be tolerated in relation to the arts. 4. The remedy is entirely in your own hands."

The following letter has been addressed to the Foreign Exhibitors in 1851:—"Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, Adelphi, London, W.C., 8th Dec. 1858.—Sir: The Council of this Society have had under their consideration the desirableness of holding in London, in the year 1861, another International Exhibition of Industry. The Exhibition of 1851 having originated with this Society, gives it a peculiar claim to interest itself in the promotion of such displays in future. The Council of this Society have passed the resolutions, a copy of which I have the honour to inclose. Previous to the year 1851, national exhibitions had been held in other countries; but England was the first to try, in that year, the novel experiment of a great international exhibition, which was admitted on all hands to have been eminently successful, and to have conferred great benefits on the industrial world at large. The Council believe that the manufactures of this country are ready to support another exhibition in 1861; but, whilst the Council are employed in considering the best means of carrying it into effect, they are desirous of learning how far they may reckon on the support of foreign contributors. Although it may be premature at the present time to issue definite invitations to manufacturers and others to exhibit in 1861, yet the plan has so far advanced as to render it desirable that early notice should be at once given to the public, both in foreign countries and at home, of the views and intentions of the Council; and I am directed to ask if the Council may hope to see your name in the list of exhibitors in 1861, as it was in 1851.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary."

The following is a list of students to whom medals were presented last week:—William Holyoake, drawing from living draped model; Ebenezer Crawford, drawing from the life; Charles Bell Birch, model from the life; Frank Topham, drawing from antique; Sydney G. Cameron, model from antique; Henry M. Eyton, perspective drawing.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

EXETER HALL now, is not so pre-eminently distinguished a temple to Apollo as it was some seven or eight years ago. Societies several, and concert-givers not a few, have drafted themselves from the old quarters, and Regent-street, Long-acre, &c., divide the business once monopolised by the firm in the Strand. The Sacred Harmonic Society stick to their first position, and are the only representatives of the sacred muse on a scale of magnitude. It has been a custom for many years past to appropriate Advent weeks to the performance of Handel's "sacred" oratorio. On the 10th inst. *Messiah* was given for the first time this season. A crowded and musical auditory testified their approval as much of the performance as of the great musical epic itself. A more efficient, judicious, and complete band of principals than Mrs. Sunderland (soprano), Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, could not have been selected. The name of the former lady is not so familiar to metropolitan ears as to those in districts north of the Trent. In Yorkshire, Mrs. Sunderland is very potent. Nor will it be undesirable to see her more frequently in London; for, take her all in all, she has no superior in the strict Handelian school. The two testing arias in the *Messiah* were triumphs. "Rejoice greatly" is a brilliant outpouring of exuberant jubilation, one in which the great

majority of singers are so apt to follow the leaps and boundings from within, that the passages become inarticulate and the subject confused. Otherwise with Mrs. Sunderland: rapid yet clear, full and yet as rich and distinct as if given utterance to by a sweet-toned clarinet under the digital finish and warm intellectuality of a Lazarus. In the aria which opens the third part—one of a character as opposite as possible, seeing that it is a broad expression of fervent confidence, and directs itself to sympathies untouched by previous appeals—her artistic prowess was still more apparent. She opened it with great solemnity: hope was discernible, but it was only the dawn of hope. As she proceeded it brightened and expanded; but when she came to the last repetition of the sentence "I know," and the jubulations of the soul with which she pronounced "Yet in my flesh," she evidently wrought on the audience, for they not only felt the sentiment, but they felt it in all its sublimity. Sig. Belletti made a great hit in the bold and startling "Why do the nations"—one of the most effective of all Handel's songs. Miss Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves acquitted themselves as they invariably do—to the satisfaction and delight of the semi-educated as well as to the profound in musical matters. So thoroughly "up" is the chorus of this society in Handel, that it would be a marvel indeed if the *Messiah* was not sung faultlessly—here and there a screaming voice excepting. M. Costa, as usual, conducted. It appears from the *Times* of the 6th inst. that *Belshazzar* is in course of rehearsal. The same article avers that it has not been performed in London since 1847. In the year of the Great Exhibition, our country cousins and others filled Exeter Hall to hear it under Mr. Surman's direction, and an excellent performance it was. Whether this fine composition of Handel's is to form any portion of the festival music time must show.

An improved programme characterised the fifth concert of the Crystal Palace Company, on Saturday the 11th instant. M. Sainton, a first-class violinist of the French school, played a fantasia of his own composing, and the first movement, allegro, of Beethoven's violin concerto. Why the slow movement and finale of this highly-finished work was not continued, was a matter of considerable surprise then to many, and is to us now. There was an excellent audience, one that seemed highly to appreciate M. Sainton's performance, because it was in reality a mastery one. Soloists, instrumental as well as vocal, have at times their whims and oddities, and the public must bear with them. Miss Louisa Vinning sang "Ah perfido," "Scenes of my youth" (a ballad that has found universal favour), and "Where the bee sucks." Thus Beethoven, Benedict, and Dr. Arne were in turn submitted to the approval of a full house, who declared an overwhelming majority favourable to the rehearsing of fairy freaks on a bat's back, in a cowslip-bell, accompanied by the charming "to-who" music of the "ancient haunter of ruins." The orchestral selection was excellent; there was the overture to *Bevernuto Cellini* played as we have not heard it since the production of the opera, under Hector Berlioz himself, at Covent Garden. It was a treat, notwithstanding its admitted wild peculiarities and strange incoherences. Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor, known as the Scotch; Weber's overture to *Oberon*; with others of less pretensions, all admirably performed, signalled the fifth concert as the best of the winter series.

Donizetti's highly-amusing opera, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was selected as the final one for the English Opera Company at Drury-lane on Saturday. The reception given to Miss Louisa Pyne on this, her benefit night, was such as is only accorded to a special favourite. On her appearance, the applause bordered on the line of tumult, which, after some few minutes were allowed for expending its force, was at length hushed by those anxious to hear what the lady had to sing and say. The absence of Mr. Harrison as Tonio threw a coldness over the early portion of the performance. Mr. St. Albyn being called upon at the eleventh hour, had to read the part and to omit several important portions of the music. It is needless to say how in a twofold sense the opera must have been impaired and weakened by this untoward event. As there was no remedy for the evil, the audience grew into perfect good humour, and trusted to the fair manager for making up the deficiency. Nor were they disappointed. The character of Maria, impersonated by Miss Pyne for the first time in London, was finished in a high degree. There was a halo of freshness about it that charmed, while the facility with which every supposable difficulty was overmastered often proved as a check to the flow of the subject, in consequence of loudly-expressed emotions of irrepressible delight. Maria is one of the happiest characters Miss Pyne has as yet revealed herself in. All her songs were received with unbounded admiration; but the most touching and expressive was that in which she bids adieu, *conviens partir*, to her companions; while the music lesson afforded a bright opportunity for the exhibition of her exalted powers and musical fluency. In the final act also, when seizing the flag, she once more unites herself with her beloved regiment in an exultation as triumphant as it was inspiring. The part of the worldly Marchioness was assigned to Miss

Susan Pyne; that of the bluff old Sergeant to Mr. Corri, and of Hortensius to Mr. Honey—all of whom in their relative situations exhibited energy, spirit, and humour, according to the phases of character intended for portrayal. At the close of the opera and of the season, the strength of the company was summoned, according to custom, for the National Anthem, which was the worst thing done by them since their opening in September. People a hundred miles off would scarcely believe that the conductor of the orchestra found a greater difficulty in getting the simple anthem of Dr. John Bull to go well than in any of the concerted pieces of the season. Yet so it was. After this, the chiefs were called before the curtain. The votive offerings to Miss Pyne were so liberal that the floor of the stage was metamorphosed into a parterre of flowers; added to these was a large box of bon-bons, transferred from a private box; this was the signal for a renewed burst of applause. Mr. Harrison, in a short speech, thanked the audience for the kind support hitherto received, and promised to do all in his power to secure it; he would not bid them adieu, but *au revoir*. The house was very crowded, and with a ballet divertissement the entertainments of the evening were brought to a close.

After an absence of twelve years Madame Anna Bishop appeared on Monday evening at Exeter Hall as a concert singer. Although the programme issued on the occasion was neither remarkable for richness nor variety, it contained a few pieces of unquestionable merit. Among the various executants were those capable of producing the choicest musical fabrics from very ordinary materials. It is not too much to say that the *beneficiaire* was the star of the night. Madame Bishop sang altogether eight times. An old fashioned aria by Guglielmi, "Gratias agimus tibi," with a clarinet obligato by Mr. Lazarus, was the selected piece to make a first appearance in; but it was not very effective. This antiquated bravura is gone quite out, and what was considered a feature in a concert of the last generation is now on the shelf, and rarely likely to get dusted. Mendelssohn's grand scena, "Inferno," called Madame Bishop's vocal excellences into fuller play. Moore's ballad, "Oft in the still night," was flitted with, to an extent that impaired the loveliness both of its form and feature. There are but few of the present day who really understand Tom Moore; "the more's the pity." A new ballad, entitled "Little Nell," from Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," composed expressly for Madame Bishop, failed to win our admiration, although in other quarters of the hall the applause was as "when winds and waves contend which shall be mightiest." Miss Arabella Goddard played Weber's "Concert Stuck," and a fantasia of Thalberg's "Home, sweet home." In these pieces, as in nearly everything she essays, she leaves the critic nothing to do, except to add a fresh tribute of praise. Wieniawski outdid himself on this occasion; the applause at the conclusion of an *air varié*, composed by Vieuxtemps, was positively boisterous. The artist was recalled and bowed his acknowledgments, but this failed in quelling the tempest of his creating. Nothing, in fact, would do but "The Carnival," to which the great violinist addressed himself with more than ordinary success. His wonderful management of staccato passages, and the mode in which he attacks the whole army of difficulties and puts them to flight, declare him, for a young man, the greatest wonder since the days of Paganini. The other contributors to the entertainment were Madame and Mr. Weiss, with an excellent orchestra, under the baton of Mr. George Loder.

Mr. Ransford's tempting programme drew sufficient people to St. James's Hall, Regent-street, on Tuesday, to make sittings scarce. Its only fault consisted in its length. Monstrous concerts seem to be still in fashion; but it is a fashion of the crinoline character, which must go out. Huge proportions may catch the eye, but they are essential inconveniences. Mr. Ransford cited twenty vocal soloists, four instrumental; a new cantata by Harcourt Russell; Distin's Fligel-Horn Union; the band of the Coldstream Guards, &c. &c. Now, as time and tide stay for no man, it stands demonstrably clear that the various performers must be very industrious in their work, or the small hours will arrive before the programme is half melted through. The applauses in the early part of the evening were not more numerous than enthusiastic. Miss Ransford in "Peace inviting," with a trumpet obligato by the elder Distin, was encored; Mr. Sims Reeves sang "Phoebe Dearest," knowing full well what the result would be; the Coldstream band, under Mr. Godfrey, won an encore by a highly effective performance of a choice morceaux from *Il Trovatore*; Mr. Brinley Richards played a fantasia of his own, on subjects from Weber, in a style that declared the accomplished musician and finished pianist; Mr. Chipp played a fugue on the organ in a masterly style;—in fact, almost everybody of note added something to the entertainment. Thus variety, efficiency, and abundance characterised the concert, which must have been in every respect as satisfactory to Mr. Ransford as to the visitors. Limited space debars us from going into more minute particulars.

Lauda Sion, Beethoven in D, and *The May Queen* formed such a triple variety in the bill of Mr. Hullah at St. Martin's Hall on Wednesday, that the elegant temple in Long Acre was honoured by a crowded attendance. It would indeed have been a matter for

wonder had the case been otherwise. Mendelssohn's cantata is remarkable in this instance chiefly for the introduction of a new soprano singer of much promise, Miss Martin, of whom more anon. Beethoven's symphony was magnificently played, and, as a sign of the times, listened to throughout with profound attention. The freshest feature in the programme came after the symphony. Professor Bennett's last work was performed on the night in question for the first time in London. There is a rural atmosphere surrounding this pastoral, which affects most unmistakably every listener alike. A quaint and characteristic ballad given to Mr. Weiss, "Tis jolly to hunt in the bright moonlight," was quite electric in its effect. The solos in *The May Queen* are not numerous; but those most important are written for a tenor, and were entrusted to Mr. Wilbye Cooper instead of Mr. Sims Reeves, who absented himself, much to the annoyance of a large portion of the visitors, while it proved at the same time detrimental to the real merits of a work yet to be heard to be appreciated. A few more careful rehearsals will bring out the intended choral effects to much greater advantage than they have hitherto been. The Pastoral abounds with rich, simple, and flowing melodies, and is worthy every appliance that can be brought to bear to give efficiency in representation. He to whom *The May Queen* owes its paternity is not only the best pianoforte composer of the day, but gives promise of taking rank among the illustrious in the most exalted ranks of the art, no matter from what quarter of the musical horizon they open up. Miss Banks and Mlle. Behrens had each a solo, in which the most laudable exertions were made for a right reading of the text. A general burst of acclamation at the close of the cantata testified to the approval at least of the efforts made by the executants generally, to give some idea of what England's most celebrated professor can produce. Mr. Hullah conducted with his usual discrimination and exactitude.

Jullien's reign at the Lyceum is over. That great precursor of a wind-up, the Bal Masqué occupied Monday night. Remnants of operas and other selections, with Madame Anna Bishop as the vocal star, have kept a company together throughout the week. But the thousands who have been deafened with the everlastingly-repeated *Hymn of Universal Harmony* would much rather have preferred for a change, the promised *Logeang*, Gregory the First's "Canto Fermo," and the "Fuga fugarum"—to say nothing of Schiller's grand ode to joy interwoven with Beethoven's astounding No. 9—before M. Jullien's final departure for the civilised towns of Asia and Africa took place. Although Jetty Trefz did not leave the capital of Austria for a week or two's stay in London, nor Cedroni with other *virtuosi* rush to the Lyceum to win fresh laurels and aid the treasury, yet it must be confessed that Wieniawski has proved a trump card to M. Jullien, and has afforded no ordinary amount of gratification to the public. We sincerely wish that this young and astonishing artist may find it worth his while to stay for a time in England, and that M. Jullien may find a compensating reward in him.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Mr. GYE, the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, writes to explain that he has let the theatre to the Pyne and Harrison company only for the winter months, and that his regular opera season commences on April 2.

It is announced that we are to have an Opera Comique at the St. James's Theatre, immediately after Christmas. The chief members of the company will be Madame Faure, from the Opera Comique, Mlle. Celine Mathieu, from the Bordeaux Opera, and MM. Fougère and Emon, also of the Comique. Their reputation has yet to be made in this country; but, having regard to the auspices of Mr. Mitchell and certain lively associations connected with the names of Madame Charton, Marie Cabel, and others, we can only indulge in agreeable anticipations of the result.

Mr. Montgomery Stuart delivered his fifth lecture on Shakspeare at the Marylebone Institution, on Wednesday morning. The subject of this lecture was the historical plays of Shakspeare, the lecturer chiefly devoting himself to an analysis of the characters of "Henry IV." After glancing at the characters of Hotspur and Prince Henry, the former of whom he regarded as the exaggeration of true chivalry, Mr. Stuart proceeded to analyse the character of Falstaff—"What," said he, "brought the young Prince into the midst of such a worthless crew as Falstaff and his retainers? What still brought and kept them all there, bound as by some magic spell? The wit of him whom Shakspeare had made the wittiest of the sons of men. But the position and character of Sir John Falstaff were quite as clearly defined as those of any *parvenu* prince or scapegrace heir-apparent. He was only, under the conditions of mediæval life, the parasite of the ancient, the diner-out of the modern world. Had they not all known him—had they not all met him—in Regent-street, or the Palais Royal, or perchance at the Cascade? Of course they had. They had all laughed till their sides were sore at the *bon mots* that seemed to echo the popping of the champagne corks, at the anecdotes

that recalled the Regency or the Restoration; and as laugh after laugh rang out from his broad chest, and smile succeeded smile on his radiant visage, they had little thought of asking how rotten was the heart which that chest encased, how artificial the smiles with which that visage glowed. Had they not often felt that to banish plump Jack would be in effect to banish all the world? Sir John Falstaff was a gentleman; they must never forget that. The sharking, swilling, gluttonous, gormandising, dilapidated old debauchee was still a knight. 'As I am a gentleman,' he protested to the hostess, when about to swindle her for the hundredth time. If they met him at the present day, he would still tell them that his ancient name had never been dishonoured. It was a melancholy fact, however, that his bills always were dishonoured. But he was still Sir John Falstaff. Never was the philosophy of baseness more luminously set forth than in Falstaff's soliloquy on honour. He was the theorist of sensuality, as Iago was the theorist of treachery; but, like him, he was something more—he was a great artist too. He must never be confounded with the vulgar coward or the vulgar braggadocio. He did not fight, simply because the chances of war were incompatible with comfortable eating and drinking. An essential element in the character of Iago was the intellectual pleasure felt whilst weaving his web of treachery. An essential element in the character of Falstaff was the humorous glee with which he enjoyed his own bragging and swindling triumphs. In real life they knew that such a humorous glee, heightened by a constitutional joviality, might exist completely dis severed from all honesty and truth; nay, often in alliance with the most heartless treachery. Fraser of Lovat carried it with him to the scaffold. The clear hearty laugh rang out from the breast of Palmer when, at the last moment, he left his cell. Falstaff was neither a Fraser nor a Palmer, but a jolly companion and marvellously shrewd man of the world."

The Westminster play has been performed this year with more than its customary success. The following is the cast of *Phormio* as performed this Christmas:—Davus, N. Madan; Geta, C. L. Shadwell; Antipho, L. A. Goodeve; Phædria, A. Walker; Demipho, C. Barnes; Phormio, A. Balfour; Hegio, H. M. Marshall; Cratinus, C. R. Henderson; Crito, A. Cope; Dorio, G. C. Stenning; Chremes, A. T. Karslake; Sophrona, H. B. Harrison; Naustirata, H. Salway; Puer (persona muta), H. B. Maurice. Of the play itself, an eye-witness gives the following account:—"The acting was good enough to surprise any stranger, by the ease and fluency of style, the artistic action, and the well-modulated articulation of the juvenile performers. Mr. Balfour, in Phormio, was nearly perfect, and his ability must be held to have contributed mainly to the *éclat* of the play this year. The feminine characters of Sophrona and Naustirata were admirably sustained by Messrs. Harrison and Salway; while the dress, appearance, and voice of the latter, as the jealous and injured matron, were greeted with loud and prolonged applause.—Mr. Walker's Phædria, and Mr. Goodeve's Antipho, were truthful, if not very spirited representations."

M. Roger de Beauvoir has met with a serious accident at the Théâtre Beaumarchais. He was occupied superintending the rehearsal of his piece, "Madame la Comète," when he fell through a trap door which had been left open, and broke his left leg in two places. Every attention was paid to him at the theatre, and he was afterwards carried to his own home, where he is going on favourably.

Rossini, says the *Courrier de Paris*, having returned to Paris for the winter, gave a grand musical party a few nights ago, at which four original pieces of his composition were executed. One was a grand scena, the "Catalani," which was sung by M. de Moineville, Rossini accompanying on the piano; a "Saltarello," composed only a few days before, which Rossini himself performed on the piano; a duo, full of melancholy, called "A Tear," which was executed on the piano and violoncello; and, lastly, a fugue for the piano. All these productions excited the greatest admiration.

The Berlin correspondent of the Brussels *Indépendance*, noticing some private theatricals which have just taken place at the residence of the Sardinian Minister, and in which his Excellency, together with the Countess and their daughter-in-law, took parts, observes: "We are accustomed in Germany to see Ministers step aside from their grave occupations to act in comedies—witness Prince Metternich, Austrian Minister of Dresden; M. de Beust, the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Saxony; a French diplomatist, whose name has been frequently mentioned of late, M. de Talleyrand, and many other chiefs of missions, all of whom have appeared before the curtain in various diplomatic *salons* in Germany."

Accounts of the new opera of "Simon Bocca Negra," at Naples, represent Verdi's last work as being of the most uproarious character. All sorts of noises—bells, cannon, anvils, and hammers, monks roaring vespers, and finally, a chorus of Newfoundland dogs barking, appear to diversify the operatic score, and to give emphasis to the instrumentation."

Mlle. Theresa Ferni, the sister of Caroline and Virginia, who are now delighting the Viennese by their performances on the violin, met with a terrible

accident on the 5th at Lausanne. The wheel of a railway carriage went over the left arm of the poor girl, and completely crushed it.

A recent letter from St. Petersburg says: "Perfidious Albion, jealous of the success of French artists in St. Petersburg, has sent to us a Mr. Aldridge, a black, there not being many whites capable of well interpreting the masterpieces of Shakspeare. We must confess that, judging from this sample, we are disposed to think that the dramatic art is far from being extinct in the country of Garrick and Kean. The name of Aldridge is completely unknown to the majority of our public. The most paltry *vaudeville* hat comes out in Paris is chronicled in our journals, whilst they leave us in complete ignorance of all that passes in the other theatres of Europe. The crowd, however, rushed to the *debut* of the coloured tragedian. People were curious to see an Othello who required neither crape nor paint to blacken his face. Most of us expected to laugh rather than cry, more particularly as Iago and Desdemona had to reply in German. There being no English *troupe* in St. Petersburg, Aldridge was obliged to play with German actors. Well, those who went to laugh were strangely mistaken. From the moment he entered, the African artist completely captivated the audience by his harmonious and vibrating voice, and by a diction simple, natural, and dignified." The letter, in continuing to eulogise, in strong terms, the performances of Mr. Aldridge, states that in the celebrated scene with Iago the effect he produced on the St. Petersburg audience can be compared to nothing hitherto seen there, except that attending the performance of Rachel in the fourth act of *Les Horaces*; and by way of a climax the writer mentions that the young lady who had to play Desdemona was at the first rehearsal so terrified at the expression of the Moor's physiognomy, that she rushed screaming from the stage, and only after some trouble could she be persuaded to resume her part.

THE THEATRES.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE has this week sought a rather unusual position, as a political teacher and psychological lecturer. Mr. Bayle Bernard, who is the worthy author of a very various dramatic progeny, has, in his last production, produced the strangest of any. *The Tide of Time*, entitled in the bills a new and original comedy, might rather be entitled a didactic treatise in dialogue on pride of birth, the excellence of industry, and the superiority of present and real over imaginary and past excellences. This usually vivacious author has, for some unexplained reasons, thought it desirable to write a comedy with a purpose; and, as is usual in such cases, the purpose is more apparent than the comedy. He has conceived it to be his duty to dissertate on and dramatically to expose what he seems to think is a raging social evil—namely, the antipathy existing between the representatives of land and ancient birth and those of the growing manufacturing interest and recent genealogy. He thinks the comic muse is called upon to reconcile the opposing parties and to rectify the national evil; and for this patriotic purpose he does not dip his satiric pen in gall, but takes the mellowest silver nib, and immerses it in honey and rose-water. He gives the very *crème* of either party—the liveliest and most enchanting of high-born lasses in Mildred Pendarvis, the daughter of a pure fine old Shropshire gentleman, Mr. Pendarvis; and, on the other side, a model man of business in young Mr. Spalding, a well-educated, accomplished, artistic, travelled gentleman, who still does not scorn the desk and the counting-house, but has a *penchant* for accounts that would have charmed old Cocker had he been alive, or Messrs. Quilter, Ball and Quilter, who still may have the advantage of seeing their profession thus nobly represented.

It has been justly said that the popular poet is not the first but the last strong thinker of his age, and is listened to because he expounds what all feel, and not because he propounds new and unacknowledged truths. It is quite certain that the stage is always much in arrear of its time; and, if it be a brief chronicle, it narrates the past and the passing rather than the present and the coming. The very age and body of the time, its form and pressure, we scarcely ever get; and simply because it is easier to embody the vague notions than to represent the actualities of the instant.

This last new comedy gives instance of this. The battle between landowner and manufacturer has been long since fought and won. The landed gentry now look out for railroads to get them compensation or sell their land: they no longer think of vistas to their views, nor do they grieve if tall chimneys tower above their ancestral elms; for they know their acres increase in value in proportion to a population's vicinity. Nor does the pride of birth present many obstacles to money-makers; indeed, it is a settled thing for fashion to reinvigorate its pockets with mercantile alliances. Lord Overstone sits in the House of Lords; the Rothschilds may match with princesses. The proud Dukes of Hamilton intermarried with the mercantile Beckfords; and every-

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where the shuttle and the scales should be quartered with the daggers and the castles, did the heralds regard facts more faithfully than the dramatists. It is, therefore, somewhat late for the Comic Muse to assume the seriousness of Tragedy in an endeavour to reconcile parties who are already as thick as thieves. If she really wanted political work, she might have found it in reconciling Poverty and Wealth, in amalgamating the rich and the poor. There may be still left old landowners who detest mere manufacturers; but they have become the exception, and are only available to the dramatist in the ordinary run of his business, and not as a class. It is necessary to say thus much, because, if we are about to enter on a course of political philosophy at the theatres, it is absolutely requisite that the principles thus insidiously urged should be sound and the facts genuine.

We opine in *The Tide of Time* this is not the case. We take exceptions to the models put forth as a class. Mr. Pendarvis ought certainly to have been the chairman of a junction railway company, the mortgagee of a cotton mill, and the founder of a new watering place. He might have been opposed to Mr. Spalding, but it would have been a rival speculator. His fair daughter might have been proud of her descent, for women will be proud of anything they imagine men admire. But it would scarcely have kept her in the air like a bird of paradise. She might have preferred an officer of dragoons to a first-rate clerk; but it would not have been on account of the dragon's birth, but his breeding—not for his family tree, but his tailor's genius, and his own powers to display in their utmost beauty well-made clothes.

But, putting aside the political aim and economical moral, the action and story are not well developed. Instead of a progression of events we have a series of axioms, given by the model manufacturer to the lady of high birth, in which he sets forth the benefits of industry, both nationally and individually; and he ultimately wins the lady by a series of tirades which it would be dangerous in any other lover to attempt. The lady, too, undergoes a psychological transposition. She is all pride in the first act, chiefly shown by perpetual laughter and an immense crinoline; and she is all humility and industry in the third act, shown by much diminished crinoline and a determination to keep accounts and a resolve to cook.

It is scarcely necessary to say the audience had but little interest in these moral lay figures. The scorn and pride of the lady had no effect, and the model manufacturer was too perfect to be sympathized with. He certainly lends his money with a noble theatrical air; but, as he has so much of it, there is not much impression made by his generosity. The fine lady's effort at industry and humility is also very pretty, but it does not seem genuine. The assistant figures are more eccentric, but scarcely comic. Sir Dormer Brazonby, a gentleman cursed with a mania for invention, succeeds in being as great a bore as the author intended. Molehill, a blundering country gentleman, who makes love to the heroine, but marries her companion merely because a friend advises it, or rather because the law of comedy imperiously demands that all the single personages must be coupled, is hardly a character. Nor can we say there is anything distinctive in Messrs. Quillett and Grainger, two solicitors; whilst Miss Sabina Crickhowell, the old maid, insane in the heraldic vein, is anything but a novelty. In fact, this politico-psychological drama is no pleasant specimen of the philosophical class; and we sincerely trust Mr. Barnard will return to his lively-farical or his interestingly-serious style of drama. The actors, Messrs. Chippendale, Compton, Buckstone, Clark, Rogers, and Howe, produced some effect by their several individual powers. The ladies were Miss Reynolds, Miss E. Ternan, and Mrs. Poynter, who each brought to bear their stage tact. There was at no time any absolute dissent manifested; and the scenes and appointments were excellent. There was indeed occasional applause, and now and then a smart saying and well-turned sentence deserved it and the manager announced it for constant repetition.

At Sadler's Wells Cumberland's German play of *The Wheel of Fortune* has been revived, to afford Mr. Phelps an opportunity of acting a part which has fine stage traditions hanging to it. The great John Kemble was the original Penruddock, and he gave the character an heroic cast by the majesty of his demeanour, by the rock-like sternness of his delineation of the earlier portion of the play, and his troubled emotion at the conclusion. It is a part entirely of emotion and of character; and Mr. Phelps gives great breadth and an earnest vitality to it. His earlier portion is scarcely stern enough (it should be grand); but when the contending emotions come, when fortune enables him to overwhelm the object of his contempt and hatred, when circumstances bring again into his presence the woman who had jilted him, but whom he still loved, and his nobler feelings prevail over his conflict, he was finely effective and even grand, from the pure simplicity and genuine feeling he depicted. In such scenes and situations we feel how far he towers above not only all who surround him, but all the actors left to us. The play is well got up, and the acting good throughout. Mrs. Charles Young is a very natural, pleasing

Emily Tempest; Mr. Ray, an energetic Old Tempest; Mr. Williams, a humorous Lawyer Weasel; and Mr. Marston gay and gentlemanly as Sydenham, the friend of all parties. Nor must we omit Miss Atkinson's enactment of the dwarfed Mrs. Haller; Mr. Chester, as Sir David Daw; and Mr. Robinson, as Young Woodville. The comedy is old-fashioned in its style and dialogue, but has telling points and moving situations.

LITERARY NEWS.

THE *Publishers' Circular* states that the largest subscription list for the season has been for a volume of sermons by Dr. Guthrie, a popular preacher in Scotland. Not less than 8000 copies of this book have been sold.

Mr. Scott, the architect of the new Foreign Offices, is grandson to the Rev. Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator.

Messrs. Waterlow and Sons' telegraphic communication between their places of business has so strikingly developed the facilities for and advantages of establishing district telegraphs all over London, that at last it seems likely we shall have a systematic application of the electric communicator, the benefits of which will not be confined to matters of police, as in New York, but be available to ordinary purposes of trade. The prospectus of the company is before us, by which it is proposed that the capital shall be 60,000*l.*, the city and suburbs to be divided into eleven districts, each containing 100 stations, so as to insure a dispatch being delivered in any part in the course of a few minutes; 10 words for *id.* to any part within four miles of Charing-cross.

Several vacancies having occurred through death and otherwise in the list of governors of Dulwich College appointed by the Court of Chancery, the following have been appointed to fill up the vacancies, viz.: His Grace the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Percy, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Robert Wrench, Esq., and S.J. Nail, Esq.

Public meetings have been held during the week at the "Horns," Kennington, and at Clayton's school-room, Walworth, in support of the much-talked-of joint-stock company for starting the *Dial*. Judging by the tone adopted, we do not, however, anticipate that the projectors have met with much encouragement for their scheme.

The *North British Daily Mail* gives an account of the tickets engraved for the Glasgow celebration of the Burns centenary anniversary. The tickets, which are about six inches long by some three or four broad, bear a well-engraved likeness of the poet in one corner, and towards the other is a landscape showing the old bridge of Doon in the foreground, while in the distance Burns's Monument and Alloway Church are represented, the whole scene being extremely picturesque. One of the accessories to the picture is the introduction of the "Two Dogs," Luath and Caesar, who are graphically represented in earnest conversation beneath the branches of some spreading trees, discussing the affairs of dogs and men. The arms of the poet are also introduced. As an artistic production the tickets are highly creditable to the engravers, and will, as the guests will be permitted to retain them, form a handsome and appropriate *souvenir* of the centenary festival. It was for some time doubtful whether one of the sons of Burns would be present at Glasgow on the occasion. This, however, has been set at rest by the receipt of the following letter:

4, Berkeley-street, Cheltenham, Dec. 6, 1858.
My dear Mills.—Since I received your letter of the 1st inst., my brother and I have discussed the proposition therein made, and have come to the conclusion that it is the bounden duty of one of us to be in Glasgow on the 25th January, as long will suffice for Dumfries; so, if nothing occurs to prevent me, I purpose being there, and my brother at Dumfries. He joins in kind regards to yours and you, with yours sincerely,
J. G. BURNS.

Mr. R. Burns Begg, the nephew of the poet and the son of the late Mrs. Begg, has also accepted the invitation of the Committee. The tickets are selling rapidly, and the attendance at Glasgow is expected to be very large.

The *City Press* gives an interesting account of a valuable collection of books, prints, autographs and MSS. illustrative of the history of the City of London, and collected by the late Samuel Gregory, of the Lord Mayor's Court Office. Mr. Gregory's antiquarian and topographical knowledge of the City of London was most extensive. For many years past he has been one of the most valued contributors to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and his pen was also active upon Hone's *Every Day Book*. He made large collections illustrative of the history of the Clothworkers' Company, and which he has bequeathed to that body. Another portion of the collection refers to the history of the City of London itself. This comprises records of the mayoralty, collections illustrative of the lives of Recorders and Chamberlains, London triumphs, and old pageant histories; autographs, monumental inscriptions, portraits, certified copies of parish registers, and various miscellanea, all bearing more or less on the personages of civic history, the topographical details seeming to have been valued only as illustrations of biography, and not at all out of any passion as to sites and places. There are more

than 300 folios of these, many of them carefully arranged and bound, others partly arranged and unbound, but all in such a state of order and precision, that it would require but a moderate amount of labour to put them into a definite shape. The most unique among the single volumes is a large folio, containing a few portraits and some miscellaneous emblezzments, followed by a complete list of Lord Mayors from the time of Alleyn, 1659, to Carden, 1858. The entries extend across every two pages, and are placed in the following arrangement: the name, date of election to the office of alderman, name of ward by which elected, date when served office of sheriff, name of company, autograph, date of mayoralty, arms emblazoned. We would venture to pronounce this the completest municipal register ever produced, for, in the whole series of 199 mayors, the genuine autograph is in every case appended—there is not a single break left for a future antiquary to fill up. These signatures are very neatly mounted on the spaces set out for them; and, looking at them as examples of calligraphy only, it is agreeable to note that very few of the Mayors of London have written their names in a scratchy manner—the greater part are in plain, legible characters, and a few are exquisite specimens of penmanship. Another collection illustrates the lives of the Recorders, from Sir Thomas Billing, 1450, to Russell Gurney, 1858. There are similar folios illustrative of the Chamberlains, beginning with Sir Thomas Player, 1672, and including Wilkes, another rich collection, Sir George Ludlam, Sir Stephen Gausson, Richard Clark, Sir James Shaw, Anthony Brown, and down to Sir John Key. Another folio is filled with a collection of tickets of invitation to dinners, balls, &c., not the lithographic prospectus sort of tickets modern feasters are content to be won with, but such as Bartolozzi, Hogarth, and others used to draw—works of art that would keep the eye employed as your carriage trundled from the West towards the file in King-street, where, when blocked up, you would take it out again, spread it before you, and forget the uproar in an endeavour to decipher once more the graceful lineaments of a picture, in the obscurity of fog without and windows within streaming with water. Among the miscellaneous books is the manuscript diary of Sir Richard Carr Glyn, 1798 in which is this entry on the first page: "Oct. 24. Attended the Corporation as Lord Mayor elect, when an address was presented to His Majesty on the glorious victory obtained by Admiral Nelson over the French Fleet." Another is the comical history, by Parson Dillon, of Lord Mayor Venables' "Visit to Oxford, 1825." Dillon had no story to tell, so he contented himself by poking fun at his right honourable and right stupid master, who bought up the copies, and so made a scarcity of what nobody wanted to see. Among the pageant books is the volume of "Delightful Scenes of the Show of Sir John Ireton, Knt., clothworker, 1658;" and another clothworkers' triumph is that of "Sir Francis Chaplin, Knt., 1677." Only two of the pageant books were honoured with engraved illustrations; and one of these, "The Goldsmiths' Jubilee," Sir John Shorter, goldsmith, 1687, is here, and a very pretty volume it is. Lastly, there is a collection of monumental inscriptions, views of tombs, churches, drawings of arms, impressions of seals, &c., illustrative of City personages, chiefly mayors. Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson will be employed to disperse to the four winds this mass of antiquarian treasures.

On Monday evening about eighty old "Carthusians" sat down to dinner in the Great Hall at the Charterhouse, to celebrate the 247th anniversary of Founder's day. The "oration" was delivered by Mr. Robert Brodie, the senior scholar on the foundation. The chair was filled by the Master, Archdeacon Hale, supported by the Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Justice Turner, the Hon. and Rev. Robert Liddell, Sir J. D. Harding, the Queen's Advocate, the Very Rev. Dr. Saunders, Dean of Peterborough (late Head Master of the Charterhouse), the Rev. T. Collins, T. Collins, Esq., M.P., the Preacher, Head Master, &c. The orator's collection amounted to 65*l.* The gathering derived increased interest from its connection with the Havelock memorial, the subscription list to which was raised in the hall by the old Carthusians present to 800*l.* The Queen's Advocate, in his speech, strongly advocated the foundation of a Havelock Scholarship out of the fund, and it is understood that of the total amount nearly 300*l.* has been contributed for that express purpose, and about 70*l.* to the Havelock Monument in the College Chapel, leaving the balance to be dealt with by the committee, and appropriated as they shall deem fit. The devotion of the greater portion towards the establishment of a scholarship seemed to meet with the hearty approval of the company present.

The Thurston memorial prize was awarded on Thursday at St. Paul's School, and, as usual at this season, the "Winter speeches" were delivered by the scholars. The proceedings commenced by the recitation of a prologue, and the composition for which the prize had been awarded to "Captain" G. A. M. How: it was a series of Latin *Alcaic* verses, the subject,—"Felicitas Hyperboreorum." The first recitation was from the *Edipus* of Sophocles, in which the words of Creon, *Edipus*, and *Iocasta* were entrusted to Whittington, Powell, and Bennett. A selection from the Greek comedy, a scene from the

Frogs of Aristophanes, followed. Of the two selections from *Shakespeare*, the tragic passage was the best; it was the scene from *Richard II.*, in which the already deposed King has to undergo the humiliation of resigning his crown to Bolingbroke. The scene from the *Eunuchus* of Terence was like a rehearsal of the Westminster play, and *Gnatho*, *Parmeno*, *Chareea*, and the *Miles Gloriosus* are familiar friends; their representatives (Miller, Whittington, Bennett, and Howard) had fully mastered their parts, and delivered the text with perfect appreciation of its meaning. The final *plaudite* (it was the closing scene of the last act of the comedy) found a ready response from the audience. The whole of the proceedings did not occupy more than an hour and a half.

The seventh lecture of Professor Christmas's course was delivered on Tuesday last, the 14th inst., at the house of the Royal Society of Literature. The Professor commenced by a minute and very interesting examination of the characters and reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, as far as they were concerned in that great intellectual awakening which characterised the archiepiscopate of Cranmer. Of the first named of those three sovereigns he took a far more favourable view than is usually entertained, and pointed out many circumstances in the King's position, which are not often taken into account. This portion of the lecture exhibited a remarkably accurate balancing of evidences and facts. Of Edward VI., on the contrary, he formed a much lower estimate, and Mr. Christmas expressed a very decided opinion that, notwithstanding the precocious sagacity of the young King, his death was far from being a national calamity. After a similar analysis of the characters of Mary and Cranmer, the Professor entered into an examination of the actual state of the nation, and traced to that period which was covered by the archiepiscopate of Cranmer the establishment of a middle class of English gentry. The effect of this was the creation of a permanent public opinion, and the strengthening in the national mind those Anglo-Saxon institutions, without which religious liberty would be impossible. The manner in which this desirable result was obtained, and its connection with great agricultural and commercial changes, and their joint bearing upon religious freedom, occupied the remaining portion of this admirable lecture, which was listened to with the deepest attention by a very distinguished and numerous audience—both rooms being full. The subject of the last lecture of this course, for Tuesday next, the 21st inst., will be the "Defeat of the Spanish Armada."

The *Times* says: "It is only an act of justice to the Electric and International Telegraph Company to mention the celerity and accuracy with which our report of the proceedings at Manchester on Friday night was transmitted to the *Times* office. The first portion of the report was received at the telegraph-office at Manchester at 10.55 on Friday night, and the last at 1.25 on Saturday morning. It may be added that the whole report, occupying nearly six columns, was in type at a quarter to three o'clock on Saturday morning, every word having been transmitted through the wire a distance of nearly 200 miles. Some of our readers may be surprised to hear that this report was transmitted entirely by young girls. An average speed of twenty-nine words per minute was obtained, principally on the printing instruments. The highest speed on the needles was thirty-nine words per minute. Four printing instruments and one needle were engaged, with one receiving clerk each, and two writers taking alternate sheets. Although young girls in general do not understand much of politics, there was hardly an error in the whole report. Altogether the transmission was very satisfactory—a result due in great measure to the energy and supervision of Mr. C. V. Boys, the superintendent of the intelligence department."

An important extension of the original scheme of Wellington College has been made by a recent resolution of the governors. A number of boys are to be admitted, not exceeding one hundred, being the sons of parents in any vocation, and not, as originally proposed, officers only. The benefits of the arrangement are great. The institution is thus at once removed from the character of a class-school, and placed on the true footing of a public school. The foundation itself will be for a time limited to 81 boys, orphan sons of officers; and the sons of living officers will be admitted at 70l. a year as non-foundations, while other non-foundations will pay 100l. The education will be of a kind now much in request, as fitting boys to enter, at the age of 16 or 17, into the various professions and occupations which do not require a university course. A large proportion of modern languages and natural science will be combined with the mathematics and classics essential to education of a liberal order. Drawing and surveying will form a part of the regular course, and there will be facilities for acquiring other branches of knowledge also. The fittings of the building are nearly complete, and the college will open on the 20th of January next.

The *New York Tribune* says: "Some of our readers will probably remember the accounts which were published about a year since, of the imprisonment at Genoa of a young English lady, Miss Jessie

Meriton White, on mere suspicion of some complicity with the patriots of Italy. Miss White is now Madame Marrio, having since married an Italian gentleman of that name. After her release from imprisonment, which took place without a trial, as there was no ground of accusation against her, she returned to England, and has been before the public as a lecturer, with an appeal, not for her own wrongs, but for those of Italy. She has recently arrived in this city, with the hope that in the fullness of her own enthusiasm for civil and religious liberty, she may arouse a corresponding sympathy in the people of this country for a noble and sacred cause. We learn, both by private letters and public prints, that Madame Marrio possesses, to an unusual degree, the gift of eloquence, and her lectures, wherever she has been, have commanded much attention; and such, no doubt, will be the case here."

M. Guizot is at present occupied in correcting the proof sheets of a new volume of his *Memoirs*. This volume brings them down to the Revolution of 1830 and the establishment of the Monarchy of July.

Baron Humboldt has received a communication from the English Consul-General at Tripoli, announcing that every endeavour will be made, in accordance with the orders of the English Government, to ascertain the fate of Dr. Vogel. In making this circumstance known to Dr. Vogel's family, Baron Humboldt adds, that the King of Prussia, although an invalid, is greatly concerned and interested respecting Dr. Vogel.

The *Opinion* of Turin, of the 12th, states that the censorship of Milan has proposed to the central authorities at Vienna the prohibiting of the *Railway Almanack* published at Turin.

M. Feydeau is about to publish another romance in the *Revue Contemporaine*; the new tale is entitled "Daniel," and is said to be equal in interest, and let us hope superior in style and in morality, to the strange tale, "Fanny," which has enabled M. Feydeau to take the public attention by storm. M. Edmond About has commenced this morning another series of "Les Mariages de Paris," in the *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur*. What will the Pope and Veilliot say? They have already expressed their disapprobation of M. Edmond About, and now the Government journal has the audacity to employ him in the teeth of their expressed disapproval.

General Niel lately forwarded to Queen Victoria a copy of his work on the Siege of Sebastopol. Her Majesty has directed a gentleman of the Household to thank the General for his present, and to express to him her high sense of the flattering terms in which he has spoken of the British Army.

A very remarkable book has just been published—"The Posthumous Works of Lamennais," edited by M. Forques, the eminent writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Among the small circle of readers whose partiality for literature extends beyond George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Eugene Sue, and Paul de Kock, this work is calculated to produce a sensation. In England, where real French literature is far better known and appreciated than in France, these memoirs and letters, in which the author of the essay "Sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion" bares his soul, and displays in all their sincerity his inmost thoughts, the "Œuvres Posthumes de Lamennais," will enjoy far more popularity than they are likely ever to achieve in France.

The first number of a new French literary periodical has been published by Mr. Jeffs, the foreign bookseller of Burlington Arcade. It is to be continued fortnightly.

The Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs laid, on the 20th Nov., upon the table of the Chamber of Representatives a bill, the purport of which was that the agreement concluded between Belgium and the Netherlands for reciprocal security of property in literary and scientific works should have full and entire effect.

M. Colombier, musical publisher, delegate of the "Cercle" to the Congress of Brussels, a member of the minority, has just published a letter to the president of the "Cercle" on the subject of the congress. The worthy publisher therein recapitulates, with method and perspicuity, the various arguments which, in his opinion, make in favour of the perpetuity of the right of property. "To sum up," he says, "literary and artistic property, being the fruit of toil, have a right to the protection of the law as much as all other properties." We can understand M. Colombier's perseverance in the opinion which he upheld at the congress; but is he justified in saying that "the laws which would sanction purely and simply the wishes which the Congress expressed would be neither equitable nor logical"?

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